HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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SENATOR JAMES M. MASON, OF VIRGINIA.

WE present to our readers this week a portrait of Hon. James Murray Mason, who was so well introduced by Mr. Winthrop, in June last, to an assemblage on Bunker Hill, as "a Senator from the Old Dominion, whose name is associated, in more than one generation, with eminent service in his native State and in the national councils."

His first ancestor in Virginia was George Mason, who was, at the time of his emigration, a Member of the English Parliament, in which he represented his native county of Staffordshire, where his estates lay. He was of what was denominated the "Country Party," but was a stanch loyalist, and commanded a regiment of cavalry in the "Cavalier" army of Charles Stuart (afterward Charles II.) in the campaign against the "Roundhead" troops of Oliver Cromwell, especially distinguishing himself at the Battle of Worcester, in 1651. After the defeat of the royal forces in that closely-contested struggle Colonel Mason escaped to Virginia, and landed at Norfolk. Soon afterward he established a plantation in Westmoreland County, on the Potomac—"River of Swans" the Indians called it—on which river he and his lineal descendants for now more than two hundred years have lived.

The subject of this necessarily brief memoir was born on the 3d of November, 1798, on Analostan Island, which is encircled by the Potomac River, just above the present metropolis of the Union. It was at that time a part of the County of Fairfax, in Virginia, and was the residence of the Mason family.

As he grew up he was educated at the primary schools in Virginia and in Georgetown, District of Columbia, which was the residence of most of the Members of Congress in the then infant days of the "Federal City." The society of such statesmen as then sat in the councils of the Republic, and the privilege of listening to their debates, was in itself an education. He pursued a thorough course of study, and graduated, in 1818, at the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia. The legal profession was evidently that to which he was best adapted, by endowments and education, among the various pursuits which offered themselves to his choice, and he commenced the study of law at the venerable Alma Mater of the Old Dominion, "William and Mary College," at Williamsburg. He afterward entered as a student the office of the late Benjamin Watkins Leigh, at Richmond, and so profited by the superior advantages afforded him, that he obtained a license to practice in 1820. In that same year he removed to Winchester, in Virginia, where he entered upon the practice of his profession with signal success.

His abilities were soon appreciated by his fellow-citizens, and in 1826 he was elected a member of the House of Delegates from Frederick County, in the General Assembly of Virginia. Distinguishing himself by the soundness of his political views and by his eloquence in debate, he was twice afterward returned a member of that body, which he left finally (declining a re-election) in 1831. He was also chosen and served as a member of the Virginia Convention called, in 1829, to revise the Constitution of that State.

He was elected to the House of Representatives for the District composed of Frederick and Shenandoah counties in Virginia in 1837, where he served but one Congress, and declined being afterward a candidate. He was at the Capitol long enough, however, to place himself prominently among the distinguished men of the time as a clear, logical debater, and as an unfaltering disciple of the Democratic statesmen of the past generation.

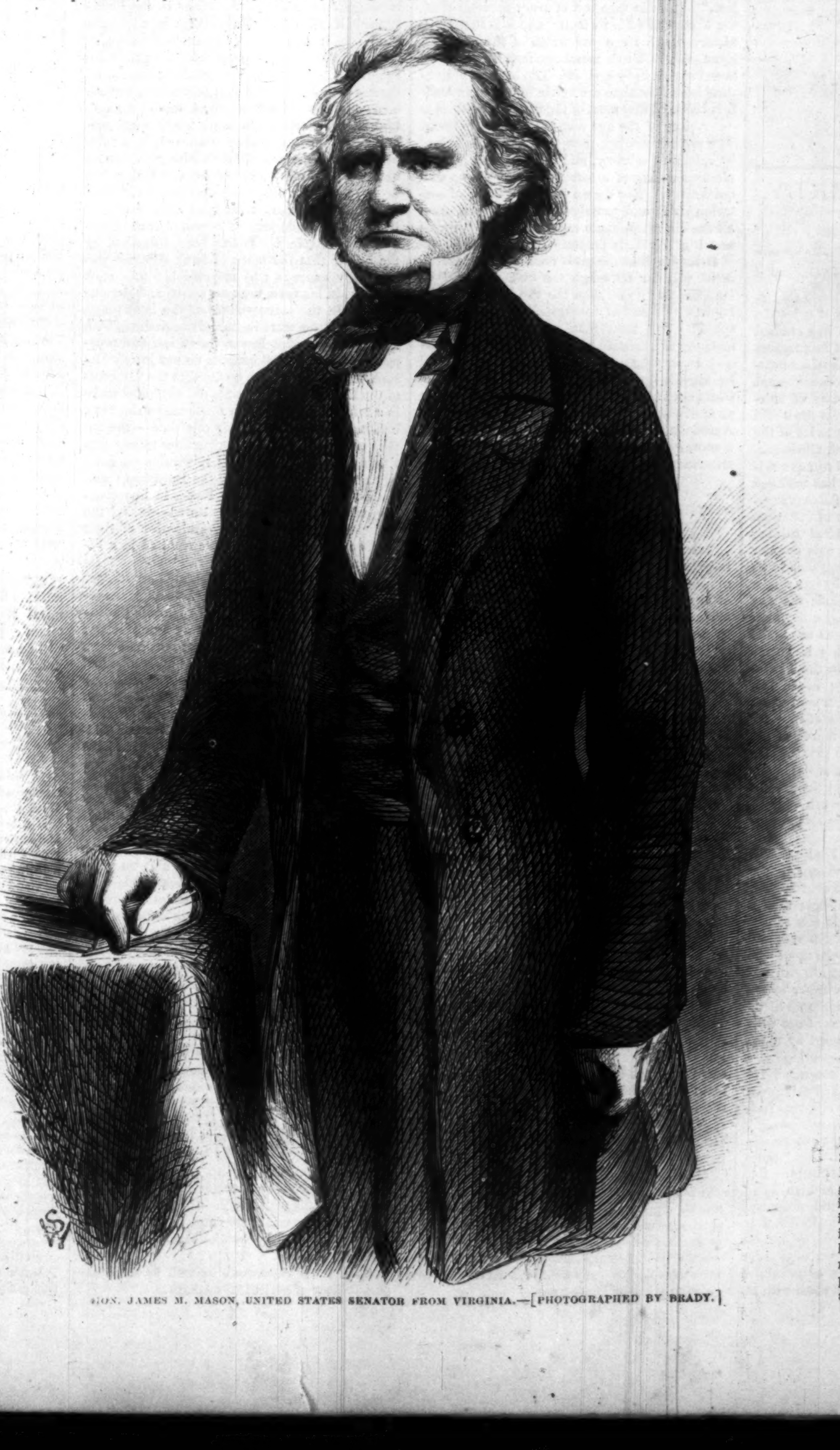
In January, 1847, he was elected by the Legislature of Virginia to the Senate of the United States, to fill the vacant seat of Joel Pennybacker, who died during the session. He was re-elected in December, 1849, for the term commencing on the 4th of March, 1851 (the sessions of the Legislature being biennial); and he was again elected to the Senate in December, 1855, for the term commencing on the 4th of March, 1857, and to expire on the 4th of March, 1863. These successive endorsements by the Old Dominion, so proverbially jealous of her fame, show that she appreciates the fidelity and ability and dignity with which Senator Mason represents her on the floor of the Senate of the United States.

Senator Mason's present position, as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, is a proof of the high estimation in which he is held by his peers. True to the high behests of his public duty, he is diligent in his attention to business, and the record of debates shows that he never hesitates to express his convictions upon all public measures, or to criticise the public conduct of public men. Although a firm believer in those political doctrines which have crowned Virginia with glory, and the Union with prosperity, happiness, and honor, he never indulges in invectives against other Senators who may differ with him in opinion. His speeches show a high order of talent, which has been ripened and improved by long experience in political affairs. Arranging the points which he wishes to establish as systematically as Euclid laid down his problems, he so demonstrates their truths as he proceeds, calling to his aid time-honored authorities, that when he arrives at the closing argument the whole is geometrically proven. Justly jealous of constitutional encroachment, he is also ever ready to sustain the best interests of our common country, and to defend our national honor.

Mr. Mason has for many years wielded great influence in shaping the foreign relations of the country. His position as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations may be said to give him a quasi superintendence of the proceedings of the State department; he is naturally in the intimate confidence of the President, and possesses the power of holding the Executive in check. In this high station Mr. Mason has acquitted himself worthily. His views of foreign policy have uniformly been American and conservative. He has never flinched from a bold, independent course, when the interests of the nation seemed to require it; nor, on the other hand, has he ever countenanced that noisy band of demagogues whose fixed idea seems to be that the United States should be an Ishmael among the nations. Not the least pleasing reminiscence of Mr. Mason's career—when he is gone—will be the leading part he took in returning the *Resolute* to England.

An interesting event in Senator Mason's life was his visit to Bunker Hill, referred to in the opening paragraph of this sketch. A statue of General Warren was inaugurated on the sacred spot where that hero fell, and Senator Mason found himself unexpectedly called upon to become an actor in the scene. His impromptu address was eloquent and effective. "If," said he, "that great and gallant man [Warren] could have returned from the battle-field, and told Massachusetts to hand down the memory of that day from generation to generation, posterity would have found his request fulfilled. Four generations have passed by; we are here in the fifth now. I shall tell it in Old Virginia, when I return to her hallowed land, that I found the spirit of Massachusetts as buoyant, as patriotic, as completely filled with the emotions that should govern patriotism, when I visited Bunker Hill, as it was when that battle was fought."

In person, Senator Mason is stalwart and well-formed, with a fine, imposing head, a pleasing countenance, and a keen eye. One of the few remaining polished links between the statesmen of the past and present generations, his manners are courtly, and the genial warmth of his heart endears him to a large circle of relatives and friends. He married a daughter of the late Benjamin Chew, Esq., of Philadelphia, and has children and grand-children. One of his sons, George Mason, Esq., has recently been appointed United States District Attorney for Texas. He removed from Winchester, Virginia, only five years ago, and having made Galveston his place of residence, made rapid progress in gaining the confidence of the people of his adopted State, as his name was recommended to the President for appointment by the entire Congressional delegation of Texas.



HON. JAMES M. MASON, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM VIRGINIA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

HOW'S MY BOY?

BY SIDNEY DOBELL.

"Ho, sailor of the sea!
How's my boy—my boy?"
"What's your boy's name, good-wife,
And in what good ship sail'd he?"

"My boy John—
He that went to sea—
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea,
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman
Yonder down in the town.
There's not an ass in all the parish
But he knows my John.

"How's my boy—my boy?
And unless you let me know,
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no,
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no!
Sure his ship was the *Jolly Briton*."
"Speak low, woman—speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy, John?
If I was loud as I am proud
I'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?"
"That good ship went down."

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor?
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how's my John?"
"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her."

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I'm not their mother—
How's my boy—my boy?
Tell me of him, and no other!
How's my boy—my boy?"

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THE GREAT AWAKENING.

It is not yet two thousand years since the origin of Christianity; and to-day it rules the civilized world. But no one who has studied its history can have failed to see that its progress has not been uniform. The growth of a century has been gained in a decade; periods of great activity have been succeeded by years of lethargy; the victories of the Church over the world have been followed by apparent victories of the world over the Church. In a word, Christianity, from the beginning, has seemed to acknowledge a law of periodicity; religion has achieved her grandest triumphs by means of Revivals.

To use the theological language of Jonathan Edwards—the greatest philosophical thinker and one of the purest Christians this country has produced—"the work of Redemption, in its effect, has mainly been carried on by *remarkable* communications of the Spirit of God; the way in which the greatest things have been done has always been by remarkable effusions at special periods of mercy." Every age has had such manifestations. We trace them in the Pentecostal times of Apostolic preaching; in the missionary activity of the fifth and sixth centuries; in the genuine yet misdirected fervor of the days of the Crusaders; in the mighty march of the Lutheran reformation; and in the great awakening of English-speaking men under the labors of Wesley and Whitefield. Within the present century, the greater part of the growth of Protestant Christianity, both in Europe and America, has been due to such revivals.

The Christian churches of the land are now in the midst of an extraordinary awakening, the greatest, perhaps, which they have ever known. The movement is on so grand a scale that it commands universal attention. It has all the sublimity of vastness. The most indifferent and the most incredulous lookers-on, even those who profess no belief in Christianity at all, can not choose but gaze, if it be only in wonder to see the heart of almost a whole nation moved by one spiritual impulse. The hymns of the worshiping throngs of Maine are echoed by those of California; the "daily prayer-meeting" girdles the continent from ocean to ocean. Never, within the memory of man, has this great city, especially, been so stirred by religious feeling and so attentive to religious observances. A year or two ago the churches that yet remain in the centres of trade, "down town," were thought to have survived their days of possible usefulness; now they are filled, at high noon, by men of business and men of toil, dropping, for the while, their thoughts of daily labor to strengthen their purposes of virtue by earnest prayer. Many churches are open also every night, and no clap-trap appeals or attractive "machinery" are necessary to fill them with attentive throngs. The Sunday services of Protestant worship are every where well attended; the preachers utter their message with unwonted force and fervor; and the minds of men are susceptible of religious instruction and impression to a degree which but a year ago was rare and occasional. And what is true of the city is true of the whole country. The journals, secular as well as religious, teem with chronicles of revival; the telegraph brings tidings from all quarters of new awakening; and every where, in public places, even in those "where merchants most do congregate," as well as in all circles of private society, you hear men talk of the new reformation. A similar movement is going on in the British Islands; the Bishops of the Church of England preach to the masses in the Abbey, and talk of opening the Cathedral for popular meetings; and throughout England we hear of unusual religious activity among Churchmen of all schools, as well as among Wesleyans and Dissenters.

We are well aware that all men—even all Christian men—are not agreed as to the character of these phenomena. It is said that they are mere signs of an unnatural excitement which will soon pass away, and leave corresponding exhaustion behind it; that such excesses are usually followed by reactions; and that, on the whole, Christianity has more to fear than to hope from them. But the same objection would hold against the grandest and most beneficent movements in the history of humanity. The progress of mankind in art, in science, and in literature has been marked by periods of excitement, even of exaltation. Civilization has advanced by leaps, rather than by a regular march; and though the way may have been prepared during the years of silence and of apparent stagnation, there have always been thunder-peals "when thought hath wedded fact." But the sure test of every movement of the human mind is its fruit; and it is matter of history that a large proportion of the so-called Evangelical Church members, now living, have been brought in by revivals. The leading philanthropists of the time are active in them; indeed, it is believed that most of the truly philanthropic enterprises of the age owe their origin to them. The present revival, moreover, is characterized by calmness, sobriety, and moderation; it is the movement, not of a torrent, but of a deep and quiet river. Nor do we hear any thing of sectarian strife and proselytism; good men, from all the churches, come together in the "Union meeting" for daily prayer.

Believing that the good results of this excitement will far outweigh the evil, and that its tendency is "to awaken the fire of faith in the land as by a sacred contagion," we bid it God-speed! We trust that, under the judicious teaching of Christian pastors, this new and general awakening of the religious affections will be attended with a corresponding growth of Christian knowledge, and an increased practice of Christian virtues. And if this be so, the American people will have reason to rejoice, for a century to come, over the fruits of the great Revival of 1858.

THE CHANGE OF MINISTRY IN ENGLAND.

Since our last number was published we have received advices of a change of Ministry in England—the Earl of Derby having taken the place of Lord Palmerston, who resigned the seals of office in consequence of his defeat on the Conspiracy to Murder Bill.

The Earl of Derby is known as the leader of the Conservative or Tory party. For the last twenty years the only essential plank in the platform of that party has been protection to native agriculture. But, in 1852, when the Earl of Derby took office as Prime Minister, he found it so impracticable to attempt to realize any of the dreams of his party in reference to the re-enactment of the old protective duties on breadstuffs that his policy was, if any thing, still more friendly to Free Trade than that of the Free-traders, and the distinctive badge of the Conservative party was, necessarily, thrown aside. Ever since then Lord Derby has had a certain number of followers in Parliament, and they have called themselves a party; but they have never had a party principle whereon to build a peculiar policy of their own. There is no reason to suppose that, on any important question, Earl Derby would pursue a different course from Lord Palmerston.

There is, in England, one living political question, and one only—and that is, the extension of political rights to the masses. It presents itself in various shapes—reform bills, projects for a vote by ballot, plans for short parliaments, etc.; but, at bottom, the idea is always the same—the question which perpetually recurs is, Shall the masses participate in the government of the country more largely than they have done, or shall they not?

On this issue the politicians of the day are divided into two well-defined parties. On one side the Radicals, with stray allies from the old parties, advocate the extension of political rights to the masses. On the other, the old parties—whether called Whigs, Liberals, Tories, or Conservatives—oppose any further concession to the growing spirit of Democracy.

Latterly the Radicals have gained strength enough to cope with any or all of the old parties. They have never fought a battle on the issue which forms the corner-stone of their organization; but they have twice defeated the Government on incidental questions. They defeated Lord Palmerston on the China question, and they have now defeated him on the French imbroglio. These victories must have taught them their strength.

British political custom requires that an outgoing Minister shall recommend his successor to the sovereign. Availing himself of this usage, Lord Palmerston, in resigning office, recommended Lord Derby as his successor. The latter had taken no leading part in defeating the Government, and was quite certain to pursue as nearly as possible the same line of policy as his predecessor. Lord Palmerston thus avoided the painful necessity of suggesting a name from among his real opponents—the Radicals—for the control of the government. In other words, the succession of Lord Derby is a fraud upon the Radicals, and upon the British people. It is merely another illustration of the set purpose of the British aristocratic clique—who figure as politicians under various unmeaning party names—to retain the government among them at all costs.

It now remains to be seen how long the Radicals will submit to be thus cheated.

BANK MANAGEMENT.

A defalcation of nearly two hundred thousand dollars in the Union Bank of this city, and the report of the State of Pennsylvania Commissioners on the Bank of Pennsylvania, have attracted attention to the general subject of bank management.

From the facts elicited in the course of the investigations to which the failure of the Pennsylvania Bank and the Union Bank scandal have given rise, it undoubtedly appears that banks, in this meridian, are not conducted on principles calculated to enure to the ultimate benefit of their stockholders; and it is marvelous, considering the facts, that bank stock should rank so high in the market. When a bogus mining or other joint-stock company is started, it is quite common for the projectors to hire good names as directors with a bribe of stock. But it has been commonly supposed that bank directors did something more than lend their names as irresponsible indorsers of concerns started under their auspices. It has been imagined by the public that the office of bank director was in reality onerous and responsible; that each director, in his turn, took an active and personal share in the management of the bank; and that all of them were intimately acquainted with its business, profits, losses, liabilities, and prospects. Recent developments do not justify any such supposition. It appears that the directors of the Bank of Pennsylvania did not know within a million of dollars how much assets the bank had in its possession at any one time—though they were ready to sign their names to any certificate specifying the bills receivable on hand when requested to do so by the President; and the directors of the Union Bank, in like manner, seem never to have instituted—during the last ten years—such an examination of their books and cash as would have resulted in a reliable statement of their affairs.

These disclosures are calculated to stagger the faith of many believers in bank management. We were accustomed to mining swindles; we knew all about railway financiering; we had read of State defaults; we had even heard of insurance collapses; but banks had hitherto defied the assaults of the "bears," and commanded universal confidence. These recent exposures are likely to shake their standing.

All the troubles which have befallen our leading banks during the past ten years might have been averted by the observance of a very few very plain rules of common sense. The first is, that no man should accept a bank directorship unless he is prepared to do the proper work of the office, and to judge with his own eyes of the business of the institution. If he takes the post in order to discount his own paper or to gratify his own pride, and leaves his work to be done by others, loss must eventually result to the bank. Next, every bank should insist on a regular balance of accounts at stated, brief intervals; the books and cash should be frequently examined by a Committee of Directors, and the employés of the bank should have no notice of such examination; finally, a system of rotation should be pursued among the employés, and no office should be held continuously by any one person. There is another rule which, if observed by bank presidents, would very quickly put a stop to defalcations. There never has been an instance of defalcation within the past ten years in which it did not appear, after the discovery was made, that the defaulter had been living far beyond his means. The least previous acquaintance with his style of living would have conveyed timely and unequivocal evidence of his dishonesty. If bank Presidents made it their business to know how their clerks live, and what they spend, there would be no more defalcations.

Until these rules are observed, we must expect to hear of periodical mishaps.

THE CASE OF THE BARK "ADRIATIC."

The American bark *Adriatic*, having been libeled at Marseilles for running down the French vessel *Lyonnais*; having been condemned and sentenced, together with her owners and captain, to pay the full value of said *Lyonnais* to her owners; and having escaped from the custody in which she was held by the French authorities, is now fully due at this port.

The condemnation of the *Adriatic* is said to have been based on the fact that at the time of the collision, namely, during the night, she had no lights aloft.

Maritime law is divided into two parts; that which is universal, and that which is local or national. All nations are agreed upon certain principles of maritime law; which principles, originally derived from the Genoese, have been improved and settled by the English and American jurists, and gradually consolidated into the shape of axioms. Such is the law respecting prizes and articles contraband of war. There are other principles of maritime law which are settled by the maritime statutes of the various sea-faring nations, and which vary, therefore, according to the usages of those nations. Such are the rules governing the tackle, apparel, and lights of sea-going vessels. Each nation has peculiar regulations on these heads. It would be advantageous in certain points of view for all nations to agree upon a uniform code in these respects. But they have not yet done so; and until they do, no nation can presume to impose its peculiar statutes upon the vessels or upon the waters of another.

At the time the *Adriatic* came into collision with the *Lyonnais* she was sixty miles from the American coast. According to our maritime law she was beyond the reach of the statutes which govern the waters of the United States. How much farther was she beyond the maritime law of France! And if it be true that she has been libeled and condemned under a peculiar local French law which obliges vessels to carry lights during the night, how palpably unjust her condemnation was, and how justifiable her escape!

Not only would Captain Dunham, on this state of facts, deserve the applause of the public for his conduct, but the Committee of Congress of Foreign Affairs, to whom the subject has been referred, owe it to the country to insist on the abandonment, by the French Government, of the principle on which his arrest was based, in order that our ships may, hereafter, trade with France in safety.

THE TURKISH ADMIRAL.

Can not some respectable persons rescue the Turkish Admiral out of the hands into which he seems to have fallen? Ever since he arrived here he has led the life of a prize pig; he has been trotted up and trotted down to see this, that, and the other, between two New York City Councilmen, and driven, and badgered, and bullied, and worried, and insulted, as no respectable visitor ever was before. The accounts which have been given in the daily papers of the outrageous coarseness and vulgarity of the individuals who have assumed to take him in charge are enough to make every one blush for the city.

☞ We shall give in our next number an admirable likeness of his Excellency the Rear Admiral Mohammed Pasha, from a photograph taken expressly for this journal. The portrait will be accompanied by biographical details of great interest, and heretofore unpublished.

THE LOUNGER.

LOUNGERS IN DANGER.

In these days and in this city a Lounger must take great care, or he will find himself a busy-body. With the *Huguenots* and operas of all kinds, and half a dozen theatres and concerts—with eloquent and instructive lectures—with Barnum's Aquarium—with two Murillos, and Simpson's Historical painting of the restoration of the Arctic ship *Resolute*, and the Nye Gallery, and the Belmont Gallery, and the Bryan Gallery, and the Düsseldorf Gallery, and the artists' studios—with a Mohammed Pacha and sleighing—with great public demonstrations of all kinds—with a dozen Lenten parties every evening and morning, and noon prayers, and evening preaching—what is he to do?

In the realm of art the most prominent object for the moment is Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, at the Academy. The manager has issued proclamations and posters, the newspapers have contributed columns of notices and criticisms, until it is foolish for any body to pretend that he does not know of the performance of the *Huguenots* in Irving Place.

Yet it is very droll to observe what particular attention is called to the fact, what half skeptical, half despairing appeals are made to the public to come forward and show that New York has as much taste, and sentiment, and musical appreciation as Paris, or St. Petersburg, or Madrid. Every time a new season of Opera begins, or a fresh opera is put upon the stage, a grand field-day takes place, in which our claims to musical position, or what is considered to be the same thing, to a proper civilization, are to be determined. It was so in Palmo's Opera, *neé* Baths, in Chambers Street, thirteen years ago, and it is precisely the same in the Academy of Music now. The public taste is treated by the manager as a farmer treats his field. Every year it must be broken up—furrowed and harrowed, *de novo*.

Besides, as an observer merely, who has not yet seen the splendors of the *Huguenots* at the Academy, the Lounger is persuaded that it is an unmanageable opera for enthusiastic and popular purposes. The glittering spectacle and the prolonged thundering upon the tom-tom of the newspapers may excite attention to the opera for a time, but Meyerbeer's music, despite Madame George Sand, will never hold the public heart a great while. It is most learned, elaborate, skillful, careful, stately, effective, imposing; he brings to bear every kind of *prestige*, brilliant spectacle, costume, ballet, contrast; he takes care that the public mind is properly prepared—that heralds, and pursuivants, and men-at-arms, as it were, go up and down the earth blowing great trumpets, and announcing the approach of the stupendous triumph. Far off the coming shines; and when the glad tidings that Meyerbeer is going to produce an opera has been literally borne to the uttermost parts of the earth, Paris, the metropolis of civilization, suspends all other interest—fabulous sums are offered for places not to be had for the first night—seats are taken, the entire theatre is engaged, for weeks and weeks in advance; on the eventful evening dragoons are stationed along the Boulevards and the Rue Lepelletier, and the streets swarm with the people who come to see those who are going to see the new opera. The work itself is a proper part of such ceremony and excitement. It is incontestably a work of great talent and consummate knowledge of the world. It is every thing but a work of genius.

Might not an audacious critic find a great deal of resemblance, in every way, between an oration of Mr. Everett's and an opera of M. Meyerbeer's?

There are rumors of a great musical tournament, or even of war to the fiddle. While Mr. Ullman makes his magnificent parades at the Academy, Mr. Maretzek is to plant himself at Burton's, and try to turn his flank. It may be only rumor. If it be true, some one must go to the wall. It is a great pity. Both the gentlemen are reported to have done well by their recent campaigns. If they come to war, they must necessarily harm each other; and as for the public interest and sympathy and support, why, the public cares precisely as much about the managers as the Roman plebs cared for the lions and gladiators in the Coliseum.

VIRTUE *and* CAKES AND ALE.

With beautiful humility Fashion acknowledges the claims of religion. Anxious not to offend the slightest prejudice, it conforms with exquisite tact to every variation of sentiment. At present, as the reader knows, the city is plunged into profound woe for its shortcomings and peccadilloes of the last year—under the general name of Lent. But to mingle your virtuousness and the cakes and ale—*hic labor*, etc. It was, therefore, a delightful relief to the Lounger to receive the following card, which combines the utmost respect for the season with the greatest tenderness for human nature. The card in question is of a contrite pale-gray hue, and the letters are in the deepest mourning.

"*Mrs. Semiramis O'Gammon at home to a* very few *friends on Friday evening. A costume of sack-cloth is indispensable. Dancing from eight to twelve. Ashes at nine precisely.* N.B.—*A copy of the Reverend Mr. Spurgeon's remarks upon dancing will be placed in the library, upon the punch-table, for those who wish to peruse it.*"

MOHAMMED PACHA AND CAPTAIN MUSTAPHA.

The Pacha has come at last; and, in the language of youth, he is "getting it." The daily papers have supplied the details of his reception, and if the world does not laugh it will be because it is too busy. A wise man, when he does not know how to speak German or to dance the Lancers, will never ask a lady in that language to accompany him in that dance. The thing he can not do he gives up trying to do.

The city of New York is clearly not a wise man. It tries to have festivals and receptions and ovations for distinguished people, and it makes most melancholy failures.

What, for instance, has this innocent Turk done that, upon touching our shores, he should be forthwith carted off to the small-pox hospitals, jails, and insane asylums belonging to the city?—that he should be "set down" in public to pork and wine, both of which, as religiously forbidden food and drink, could hardly be publicly acceptable to him (however he may treat his sore throats and stomach-aches in private)—and made to witness the frantic efforts of the city fathers to get a "tod"? Viewed as a punishment this process may have its advantages, but as a festive reception it is rich beyond Rabelais.

Nature gave him a reception somewhat better than the municipal. It draped the city in a soft, sparkling beauty, such as the Turk perhaps never saw. It filled the air with evanescent splendor, more exquisite than that of pearls of Oman; and as the Turk sat cross-legged at his window, and smoked with gratitude a pipe of peace, listening to the merry bells and watching the hurry of the streets, he must have felt willing to waive the small-pox, cancers, crime, and insanity which are not altogether unknown to him in his own, his native land, and to observe and study those things which are peculiar to the remote continent he has reached.

If he has ever read—and there is no reason to doubt that, as a well-educated Turk, he has done so—the letters of his fellow-Moslem, the Captain Mustapha Rubadub-Keli-Khan, written from New York in the early part of this century, and preserved in the delightful "Salmagundi," the Turkish admiral must wonder at the tenacity of a nation which exhibits the same kind of sagacity in the treatment of foreigners that it did fifty years ago, although with much less simplicity in the forms.

The reader will doubtless remember that the Captain Mustapha writes to Assem Hachem in Tripoli:

> "Thou wilt doubtless be anxious to learn our reception in this country, and how we were treated by a people whom we have been accustomed to consider as unenlightened barbarians. On landing, we were waited upon to our lodgings—I suppose according to the direction of the municipality—by a vast and respectable escort of boys and negroes, who shouted and threw up their hats, doubtless to do honor to the magnanimous Mustapha, captain of a ketch; they were somewhat ragged and dirty in their equipments, but this we attributed to their republican simplicity. One of them, in the zeal of admiration, threw an old shoe, which gave thy friend rather an ungentle salutation on one side of the head, whereat I was not a little offended, until the interpreter informed us that this was the customary manner in which great men were honored in this country, and that the more distinguished they were the more they were subjected to the attacks and peltings of the mob. Upon this I bowed three times with my hands to my turban, and made a speech in Arabic-Greek, which gave great satisfaction, and occasioned a shower of old shoes, hats, and so forth, that was exceedingly refreshing to us all."

One fancies Mohammed Pacha secretly envying the happier fate of Mustapha Captain, who fell upon the simple days of the republic; and was let off with only the flinging of an old shoe.

FIRE! FIRE!

The Spartans and some other savage nations exposed their children in tender infancy, to harden them and inure them to privation. The Americans—or that tribe of them known as New Yorkers—try their children with fire. During the year they have burned several school-houses and children, and lately one teacher, doubtless with the best possible results. Furnaces, flues, and stove-pipes are provided, which are sure, in due season, to kindle the buildings, and illuminate the papers with most striking headings. The buildings themselves are apparently constructed like cages; and when the alarm is given, no foolish scholar need hope to escape the ordeal. As the hope of the country is its system of education carried on in the common schools, of course this carefulness in building and heating is intended to persuade all parents to send their children to school. Now in a republic the public business is every body's business. But there is an old proverb about every body's business being nobody's. The Swiss used to pride themselves upon their fine roads and their poor houses, and, so far, they disproved the justice of the proverb. How would it answer for the New Yorkers to imitate the Swiss, so far, at least, as to have sumptuous palaces and *pretty safe* school-houses? Would the innovation be too rash and impracticable?

A CHRISTIAN CAPTAIN.

On St. Valentine's day, in London, the Queen of England took leave of one of her subjects going upon a voyage of civilization and discovery—made him her consul to the Portuguese colonies on the continent of Africa—and wished him heartily God-speed! A company of gentlemen, headed by one of the most distinguished men of science in England, dined with him the same evening, and said farewell with their hearts as well as their lips. The English Government pays five thousand pounds toward the expenses of the voyage, and dispatches a vessel which is to ascend with him three hundred miles into the interior of the continent before it leaves him. Then the hero pushes on alone—yet not alone, for he said to his friends at the dinner, "My wife will accompany me in this expedition, and I believe will be most useful to me. She is familiar with the languages of South Africa—she is able to work—she is willing to endure—and she well knows that in that country one must put one's hand to every thing. In the country to which I am about to proceed, she knows that the wife must be the maid-of-all-work within, while the husband must be the jack-of-all-trades without, and glad am I indeed that I am to be accompanied by my guardian angel"—he pushes on, and, God willing, returns to his country by-and-by laden with richer spoils than any mere conqueror ever won.

It is not three centuries since another Queen of England took leave of another explorer, and handing him a sword, said, "Whoever striketh at you, Drake, striketh at us;" and surrounded with every luxury, Sir Francis Drake sailed away to the Spanish Main, carrying fire and sword, and returned with gold and slaves.

If the spirit which animates Dr. Livingstone had inspired all the discoverers and first explorers of great countries, or even a few of them, how changed history would have been! Rapine, war, and outrage mark the first exploration of the African and American, as they did of the Western European Continent. Even Columbus brought a sword in one hand, while he held a cross in the other; and there is no sadder story than the history of the Spanish Conquest in America. The great business of modern polities is undoing the results of state crimes and mistakes in the past. When the happy day dawns—the very idea of which is rejected by Christendom as a dream, because it involves simple Christianity—in which the right men are sent to the right places, then it will be the Livingstone and not the Cortez and Pizarro, who is sent to discover and explore.

Dr. Livingstone has told the story of his travel and exploration in a work which has been very widely read in England and in this country, and will always remain an authority upon lands and people of which we know very little. The infamy of counterfeiting or garbling it, or of swindling the public with a spurious publication, different from the one which he has himself authorized, and of which he derives the benefit, is so incredible that it may well be successful. It has been so in several instances which have come to the knowledge of the Lounger. Every reader who wishes to have Dr. Livingstone's book must take care that in buying what purports to be his story is not a larceny against the author and a fraud upon the public.

A gentleman in Rome, New York, writes to the publishers of this paper that he had lately procured a copy of Livingstone's book, "which is evidently a fraud, and got up only as a speculation." The fact of the fraud shows the popularity of the work, and should put every purchaser upon his guard.

A CHRISTIAN CAUGHT IN NEW YORK.

Nothing is so rare as a Christian in Christendom. If a man finds a bag of money in the street and restores it to the owner, it is a matter of congratulation and gratitude in the public prints. The whole "trade" of the city of New York comes down town on Monday morning and falls to business; and every man has a vague idea that his neighbor is getting the better of him, or at least is trying to. They are all Christian merchants in a Christian city of the nineteenth century of the Christian era, and the cardinal principle of Christianity is—Love thy neighbor as thyself.

"Ah! that doesn't do in trade."

"Nor in politics."

"Nor in society."

Cry A, B, and C.

Where then does it do?

"In the mouths of ministers on Sundays," answer A, B, and C in their hearts and their conduct.

Nothing so odd as Christianity in Christendom. "Love your neighbor as yourself." "Do as you would be done by." Certainly, answers Mr. J. W. Farmer, at No. 47 Ludlow Street, New York. Come in, then, you poor starving people, and eat.

"Droll!" says A.

"Extremely odd!" says B.

"Premium on laziness," says C.

"Good man, but—" says D, touching his forehead.

The newspapers are full of it. The town talks of it. Seven hundred thousand people hearing every Sunday, and now, indeed, every day, of the beauty and the duty of loving your neighbor, hurry in crowds to see a man who is positively doing it. It is really very *piquant*. How many does he feed? How much does it cost him? How long can he stand it? What the d—— does he do it for? How very funny! What a queer old chap! Let's go and see the Toodles!

[*Exeunt* Christians.]

WRIGHT AND WHITE.

A few weeks since there was great indignation expressed that Mr. Wright, our Minister to Prussia, who believes that spirituous liquors are poisonous, did not put his principles in his pocket when he gave a breakfast to some gentlemen and ladies in Berlin. The conduct of the Minister seemed a great outrage to many critics; while to a correspondent of the Lounger and to himself it seemed only a simple and manly adherence to his (the Minister's) own practice at home, and a pleasant instance of the real, not rhetorical, independence of an American citizen.

The Lounger has recently looked with great interest at the papers which were so furious and sarcastic because Mr. Wright didn't choose to give his guests Champagne, although they were princes and titled people, to see what criticism they make upon the conduct of Mr. Joel W. White, Consul of the United States at Lyons, France. That gentleman lately gave a *fête*—it was on St. Valentine's evening—and the rooms, as was proper, were hung with the flags of France and of the United States. But the chief decorations were a bust of the present Emperor of France, Louis Napoleon, *crowned with laurel*, and on one side of that august personage was a bust of General de Castellane, and on the other that of George Washington! and the ciphers of the Emperor and Empress were also conspicuous.

Now France is a friendly ally of ours, and may she long remain so. But if American patriotism and sense of dignity take fire at Mr. Wright's temperance in Berlin, what effect has Mr. White's adulation of the powers that be in Lyons upon the national pride? Why should an American official take such pains to put his forehead in the dust before such an individual as Louis Napoleon? If he must have his bust, as a matter of courtesy, why crown it with laurel? Was it for his victories at Strasbourg and Boulogne, or for the reign of terror he has "inaugurated" in Paris? And why not give Washington's the place of honor? Why balance Washington's with Castellane, who is the recently-appointed military Governor of Lyons?

It is not to be excused upon the plea of courtesy. It is only to be explained by a desire to curry favor. It is the extravagant overdoing of an officer who forgets that he should represent America—the sentiment of a republic. No self-respecting gentleman, whatever his official relations with the French Government, would treat a man like Louis Napoleon with more than formal official respect.

As an American and a man, who would not have enjoyed the breakfast of Mr. Wright, even without *Clos Vougeot*, more than the ball of Mr. White, with the laurel-crowned bust of the French Tiberius?

COSAS D'ESPAÑA.

The beginning of the history of this continent is the Spanish Conquest, and whoever would commence reading the story of his whole country properly, must begin with that. The Spanish Cortez landed in Mexico a century before the Pilgrims came to Plymouth. The shores of the Mexican Gulf and the West India islands were populous with Europeans and covered with their institutions while the gloom of primeval historic night rested upon the shores, and hills, and valleys on which the great camp of Western empire is now pitched.

Hence our historical writing has not been at random. Our well-beloved authors, Irving, Prescott, Motley, Hildreth, and Bancroft, have all treated in order of the progress of American discovery and civilization. It was in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, and under their auspices—Prescott has told their story—that the great discovery was made. Irving has followed Columbus across the sea, and through his life. Prescott again has chronicled the two great branches of discovery north and south—Cortez and Pizarro, Mexico and Peru, radiating from the results of Columbus's explorations. Prescott is continuing the tale of the subsequent Spanish rule in Europe, while Motley accompanies him, devoting his special care to the great battle-ground of modern progress, the Netherlands, on which were sown the seeds from which the harvest of American development has sprung. Holland was the nursery of Plymouth—and at Plymouth Rock and Jamestown Bancroft and Hildreth take up the wondrous tale.

It is this series of historical works which is really the substance of our literature. Cooper, Emerson, Bryant, Longfellow, and the rest, complete its glory.

The Spanish Conquest in America is not only a romantic and somewhat confused story, as it is usually considered, but it is full of the most permanent interest in two points: first, the spectacle of the contact of the highest civilization of the sixteenth century with tropical barbarism; and, secondly, the demonstrated superiority of Christian principle over pagan power as an instrument of civilization.

This whole question, which may be pursued at length through the histories of Irving and Prescott, is now the subject of a history by Arthur Helps—an English scholar and author—who wrote "Friends in Council," "Essays written in the Intervals of Business," etc. Uniting to an exquisitely clear and racy style a close and conscientious study of all the original materials and a habit of accurate scholarship, Mr. Helps has made a general survey of the whole ground, with special reference to the Spanish systems of labor in their new colonies. His work is not yet completed; but three volumes, about the size of Irving's "Columbus," have been issued in London, and handsomely reprinted by the Harpers here, bringing the history down to the death of Atahualpa in Peru. Of course Helps's work covers the ground of Irving's "Columbus" and Prescott's "Conquests of Mexico and Peru," and naturally he has to present the same story in a much compacter form. It is a masterly compendium, so far as it is advanced, of the whole matter.

To American readers it will have the peculiar charm of furnishing the most complete and interesting account of Las Casas, the Spanish priest, who is usually considered to be the father of negro slavery upon this continent. Mr. Helps shows precisely what Las Casas did, and what he himself thought of what he did. And he shows, farther, that the Roman Catholic Church, as such, can not justly be held accountable for the terrible tragedy of the Indians under Spanish rule; but that the fathers of that Church were generally the friends of the unfortunate race; while Las Casas himself should be recognized and honored as their Clarkson and Wilberforce.

The whole work is intelligent and delightful. It is full of little maps, constantly repeated upon the page, so that the reader, without the trouble of referring to an atlas, has the relation of the different countries to each other always before his eye. It is a little thing, but a great convenience. The spirit of the author is so calm, and wise, and humane—he is so in love with his subject, and grasps it so strongly—that all the romance of the story is retained, while the principles, of which all history is only an illustration, are kept clearly and consistently in view.

MISS BROADSKIRT TO THE RESCUE!

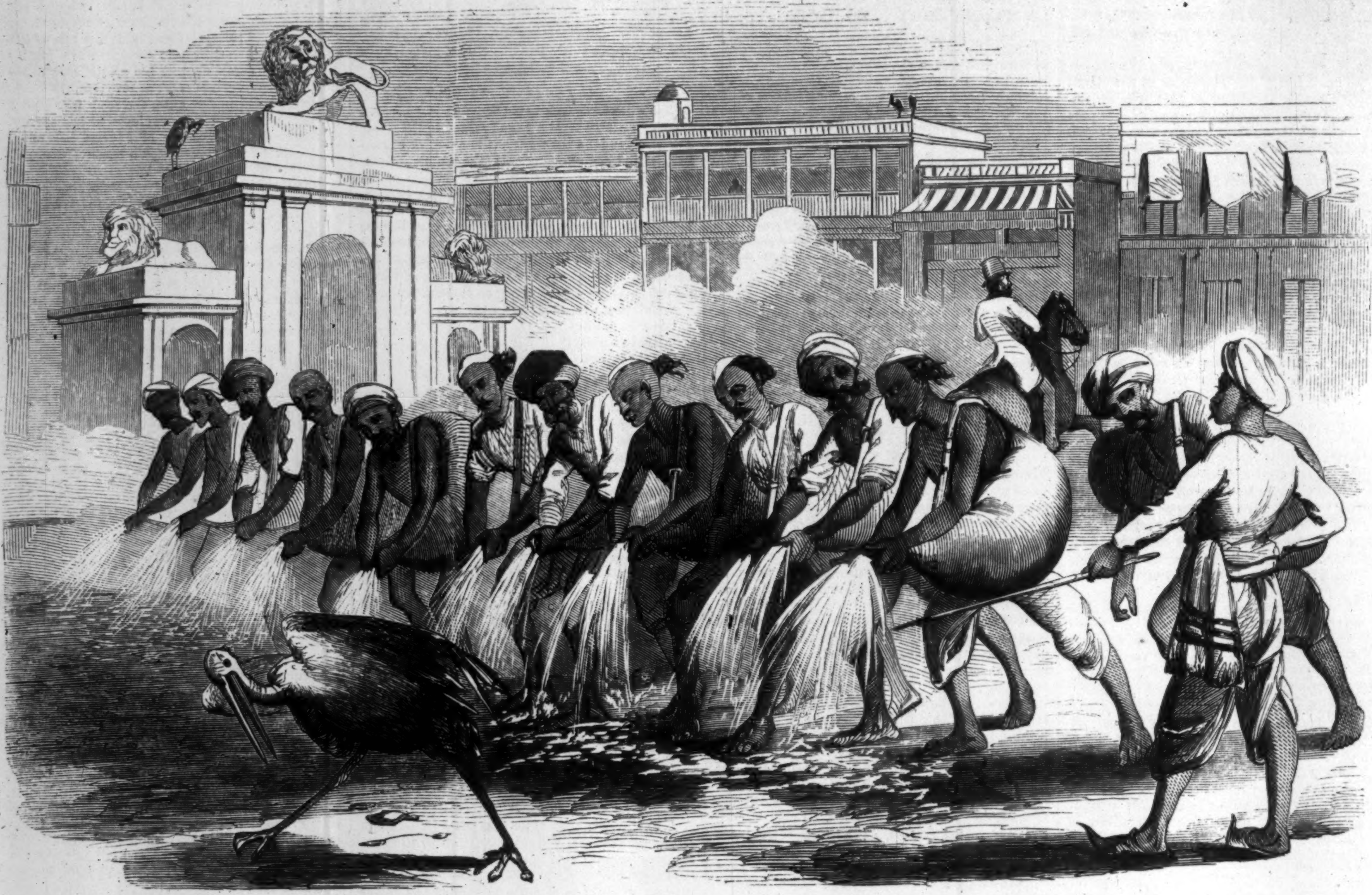
When, in your night-cap and dressing-gown, you are preparing to shoot a burglar from your chamber-window, to feel his hand upon your throat must be a discovery of the highest interest and importance to you, as the father of a family. But what is that position, compared with the one in which the Lounger's correspondent, Miss Melinda Broadskirt, will find herself, upon perusing the following indignant communication? Here is clearly a man who goes to no Women's Rights Conventions, and who remains severely seated in the omnibus, whatever bonnet may present itself, when there are already twelve insides, including seven ladies with hoops. The Lounger begs the ladies to keep calm. It is a dreadful blow, to be sure, but something may yet be done. While the bomb is bursting it is hard to tell who is hit. It is a hideous assault, ladies, upon your very handkerchiefs, gloves, collars, sleeves, and hair! The sensitive mind thrills with horror to think that the ferry-boat itself may become the arena of a desperate contest between *Patchouli* and *Cabañas*.

"Friend Lounger,—There appears to be a malicious determination on the part of the feminines to abridge our few remaining privileges. Not content with adopting a style of dress which excludes us from our rightful share of churches, theatres, omnibuses, and sidewalks, they have made a direct attack on a highly respectable class of citizens who inhale the fragrant breath of the 'weed,' or grind the delectable 'weed' itself between their dental attachments.

"The sacred rights of 'blowing a cloud,' and returning to Mother Earth the virtues of 'Virginia's Pride,' in rich brown, wavy streams of expectoration, have never, until lately, been questioned. As a member of the extensive and valuable family of Tobacco Worms, I feel called upon to rend asunder the vail of delicate humbug which the too sensitive young lady 'hownly sixteen years old' has wreathed around the subject. Perhaps Miss Broadskirt is not aware that poor Tobacco Worms smoke many times in self-defense, endeavoring, in a measure, to ward off the weakening and depressing effect of an atmosphere poisoned with the fumes of 'Florimel,' 'Patchouli,' or 'Crème d'Fifth.' Is it to be taken for a fixed fact that *our* nasal appendages are utterly invulnerable? Must we submit to have the pure ether adulterated by the scented abominations of the shrewd chemists of France and America, and quietly inhale the enervating odors, without one attempt to relieve our distressing position? The enthusiastic damsel, of the interesting age aforesaid, has been much annoyed by cigar-smoking on the ferry-boat. Who can tell the perhaps excruciating agony of the offending *hombré* which compelled him to resort to a cigar? For aught we know to the contrary, the fumes of six different-scented abominations may have saluted his astonished senses.

"Yours, indignantly,

"A. Savage, Tobacco Worm."



WATERING THE STREETS OF CALCUTTA.

SCENES IN CALCUTTA.

THE accompanying pictorial representations of the methods by which the streets are watered in Calcutta, and elephants are landed, are of interest at the present time.

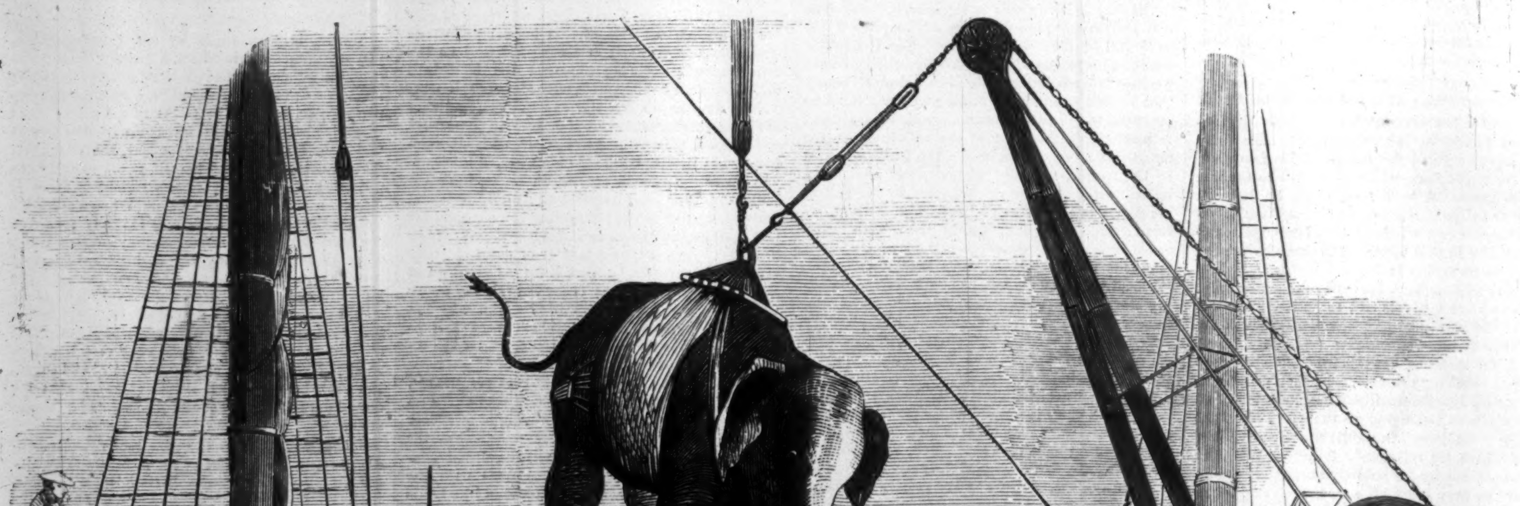
Though New York is in the temperate zone, every resident is aware of the suffering which is caused by the dust in the summer months. In the tropical zone the plague is far more severe. At Calcutta, for instance, the dust penetrates every chink, cranny, and crevice in furniture and clothing, and at times renders life insupportable. At Lucknow, residents declare that they could bear the heat well enough, but the dust drives them from the city. In the capital of the Bengal Presidency large sums are expended for the purpose of allaying the dust. Early in the morning a gang of men may be seen knee-deep in the river filling their leathern bags with water. As soon as they are full they proceed, under the command of a foreman, to one of the principal streets, and range themselves in a line which stretches across the street. Each man squeezes his leathern bag as though it were a bagpipe, and the gang run at a jog-trot through the street, shedding a deluge before them. As soon as their bags are empty they return to the river to replenish them, and continue their labors under the command of their foreman throughout the day.

Water-carts, it seems, have not been invented in India. But if the accounts we read be reliable, the *bhisties*, or water-carriers, achieve the desired end much more satisfactorily and cheaply than carts do here.

Our other illustration represents the landing of elephants from ships at Calcutta. Elephants, though not used as offensive animals in war in our day, are nevertheless essential parts of a military train; they carry general officers, draw cannon, and form the thew and sinew of the transportation department. Importation of elephants from Ceylon and Bangkok is constantly carried on for the benefit of the Government of India.

When Hannibal wanted to cross the Rhone with his elephants he had rafts constructed, covered them with earth and turf, and, with the aid of a sagacious female elephant, seduced his male monsters upon the raft, which was instantly unmoored and towed across stream. We have invented the crane since Hannibal's time, and now elephants are disembarked from ships with as much ease as any other bulky and weighty articles. Bands are made fast round their bodies, and they are hoisted up and let down, either into barges or into the shallow water on the side of the quay.

Our readers remember the story of the elephant that was sent to England a century and a half since, and who, in the attempt to land from the clumsy craft in which he had made the journey,



LANDING AN ELEPHANT FROM SHIPBOARD AT CALCUTTA.

stove in the bulwarks and narrowly missed drowning the crew. The world has progressed since then; now elephants are no more trouble on board ship than bales of cotton. It must, however, be a striking spectacle to see one of the huge brutes hoisted over the side of a ship and swinging in mid air.

CANTON AND THE BOAT GIRLS.

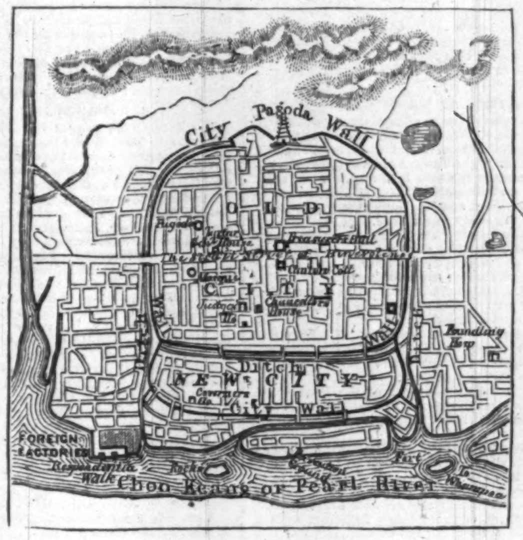
IN the last Number of this journal we gave our readers a chart of Canton River, with the approaches to Canton. Hereto subjoined will be found a plan of Canton itself, which will prove of service in making intelligible the movements of the outside barbarians within the walls of the Sacred City, which is now in their possession.

Canton, often threatened, has at last been taken. The unfordable ditch has been crossed, the impregnable wall has been battered down, the barbarian rockets have cleared a passage for the barbarian feet, pagodas, governor's houses, treasurer's halls, and tea factories have been knocked into a cocked hat, the lion-hearted soldiers of the Celestial Emperor have reserved their vengeance for the present, and the foreign devils strut, vaingloriously, up and down the Strait Street of Benevolence, ogling the small-footed fair ones, and cutting off the tails of refractory citizens.

Poor Yeh, disguised in coolie dress, has been taken prisoner and sent on board a British man-of-war, where, if he is a sensible man, he will lead a jolly life enough, till his Imperial master shall choose, in mercy to the barbarians, to submit to their terms. Two Englishmen and a Frenchman meantime discharge the multifarious duties of the late obstinate governor of the province of Quangtong; and the Celestials will for the first time have an opportunity to test the practical and just rule of the barbarians. Much is to be hoped from the intimate relations into which the best inhabitants of the captured city will be brought with the conquerors. Old prejudices will receive a severe shock; and the capture and rule of Canton may prove an entering wedge toward a willing adoption of a liberal policy by the Chinese, who, it is to be hoped, will perceive not only that the outside barbarians are more powerful than themselves, but also that they are more moderate and just in their requirements, and will be of more benefit to the Chinese than these have hitherto been permitted to suppose.

In the mean time, hit or miss, no one takes the misfortunes of his country easier than the bumboatman of Canton River, who, with his family, goes up and down among the shipping, laden with horticultural dainties, and is ever a welcome visitor to hungry Jack-Tar. *The* feature on board one of these boats—after the eatables, of course—is the girl, or woman, who steers and takes charge of the boat. Women do almost every thing in China. They plow, they fish, they buy and sell, they gather and prepare tea, row and steer ferry-boats and passage-boats, make boots and umbrellas, and even act in the capacity of porters. China is the country for Lucy Stone and the Woman's Rights people.

As will be seen by our illustrations, the boat girls of Canton River are not beauties. In fact, there are few things in nature more hideous than these broken-down hags—shrill-voiced, sepulchral-eyed, and betrowsered. The river population of China comprises the poorest and most knavishly-inclined of the Tartars. Thousands of families are born, live, and die upon the river. In the boats which float up and down may be seen all ages, from the grave picanniny Celestial, with inch-long tail, and buoy of calabash attached to his body to save him from a watery death should he inadvertently tilt overboard, to the aged crone who sits in the stern burning joss-sticks and mumbling rice. Of the virtue of the boatwomen the less said the better, perhaps. Of their strength and skill in managing their boats in the intricate passages and currents of the river wonderful stories are told. Alone, with a young monkey-faced Celestial slung to her back, one of these girls will guide an immense boat through the most crowded channel, never coming in contact with others, or for a moment losing control over her floating home, and taking advantage of every turn of the current or puff of wind that may favor her progress. There used to be a story current on the river of two of these women who, tending a boat while their husbands and owners were trading on board some men-of-war at the Bocca Tigris, were swept out toward the sea by the swift current. Their boat was a very heavy one, which a dozen stout sailors would scarce have pulled up against the tide. To make headway back was, therefore, a useless attempt, and the girls sat themselves down, contentedly, and suffered the tide to sweep them out. The following day they came back upon a return-tide, under full sail, with a staggering breeze, and with a heavy boat-load of fish, which these Amazons incontinently fried and disposed of to the hungry seamen of the fleet. They had been swept far out into rough water, and had passed the night, unconcernedly, upon the billows. With early dawn they began to ply their bone hooks and cocoa-nut husk lines, with which every boat is abundantly provided, and ere the turn of the tide, which they reckoned to the fraction of an hour, they had their cargo on board.



PLAN OF THE CITY OF CANTON.

LITERARY.

IF one were to select a class of men whose biographies should be most interesting and most valuable, whether as indications of personal or of public character—if, in other words, one were to look for the subjects of biography in any one class of men which should best give us the history of their own times, the character of their own age, the style and sort of people they were part of, he certainly would not select the lawyers, the merchants, the editors, the mechanics, or the physicians, and he certainly would select the clergymen.

Give us the biography, or the merest outline sketch, so it be faithful, of the life of a country pastor who has spent a long life in one church, and we will instantly tell you what kind of men he had for supporters—what soldiers and what everyday men they would make.

Dr. Sprague has therefore undertaken a work of great value in writing the ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN PULPIT, of which the third and fourth volumes have now appeared (Carter & Brothers, publishers). The first two volumes were devoted to the Congregational Church, and contained an immense amount of interesting historical and biographical anecdote. The two volumes now appearing are devoted to the clergy of the Presbyterian Church, and the whole four contain a mass of the most interesting personal history that could by any possibility be collected in four volumes.

It is the history of good and great men, brave soldiers, stout fighters, every one of whom won the victory for which he contended. We need not pause to comment on the admirable way in which Dr. Sprague has done the work. The books speak for themselves. Once taken up it is impossible to lay them down, and we venture to say to our readers who are not habitual book-purchasers, that in purchasing these volumes they will secure a collection of most interesting biographies, among which they will find the names of many personal friends of their own, which will afford evening's reading for years, and which will be good books to give to children and children's children. A hundred years hence the names of these good men will be held in esteem and reverence, and this collection of their lives will be a valued book of reference.

The plan of Dr. Sprague has been to collect, as far as possible, personal recollections of his subjects. These have been contributed by friends, successors, or descendants of the persons. Hence the work abounds in incidental anecdote, and we can only regret that our space will not allow us to give our readers much of this which would interest them.

None of our readers can be forgetful of William Wirt's "Blind Preacher," whose eloquence he so touchingly and admirably described in the "British Spy." We have here a brief but very interesting account of him. He was the Rev. James Waddel, and it may not be generally known that Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander, of this city, is his grandson.

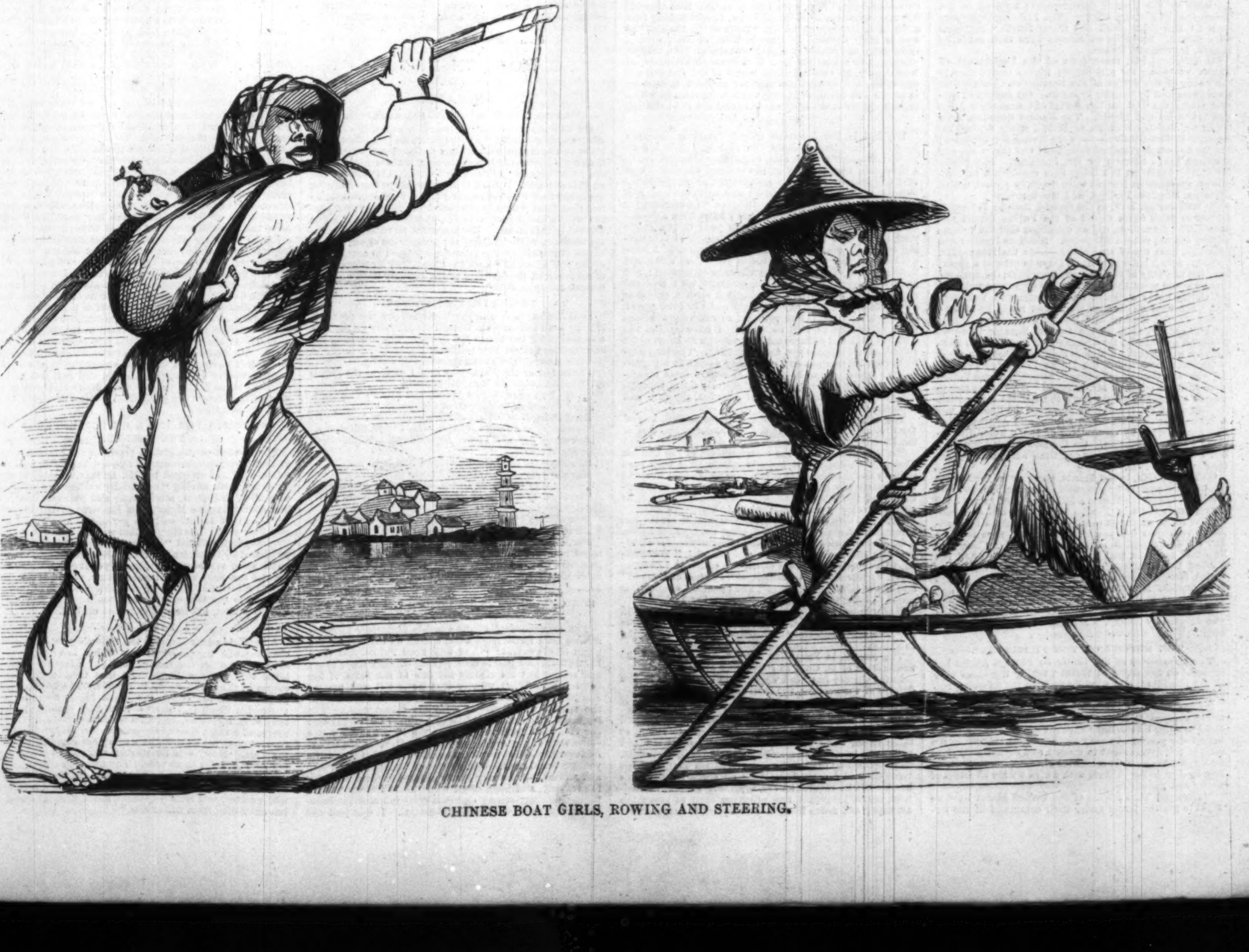
Dr. Samuel Buell was the clergyman at East-hampton, on Long Island, that primitive old town where they go to this day by a clock that was presented by Queen Anne.

Dr. Buell was a notorious Whig, and some anecdotes of his intercourse with British officers are well known. We find many of them here. An officer, in great anger with his troop for some insubordination, happened to be asked, in the Doctor's presence, what regiment he commanded. "A legion of devils," was his short reply. "Then I suppose that I address Beelzebub," said the Doctor, with a polite bow. He it was who, observing an inclination to leave the church in the course of a long sermon, paused and said he had been preaching so far to sinners, and they might now go; the rest of his sermon would be addressed to good people. The effect was as might have been anticipated.

We have spoken of the lives of clergymen illustrating the lives and characters of other men. Here is an anecdote contained in the sketch of Rev. William M'Whir, which is worth the price of the volumes. He was on terms of intimacy with Washington, and writing of his first visit to Mount Vernon he says: "At the dinner-table Mrs. Washington sat at the head and Major Washington at the foot. The General sat next Mrs. Washington on her left. He called upon me to ask a blessing before meat. When the cloth was about to be removed he returned thanks himself. Mrs. Washington, with a smile, said, 'My dear, you forgot that you had a clergyman dining with you to-day.' With equal pleasantness he replied, 'My dear, I wish clergymen and all men to know that I am not a *graceless* man.'"

It is not often that we hear of Washington making a pun, or even attempting a show of wit. But the witticism is the least interesting part of this anecdote.

The history of Rev. William Tennent is well known to a large number of our readers; but there are others to whom the history of his trance will be new, although it has long been a part of local



CHINESE BOAT GIRLS, ROWING AND STEERING.

and personal history known to good witnesses. At one time this distinguished clergyman was sick, and supposed to be near his end. Death appeared. He was cold, motionless, stiff, and they laid him out for the grave. The solicitations of a friend succeeded in preserving him from burial, though the funeral ceremonies were held, and two or three occasions for the interment appointed. He then revived at the last moment, before they were about to bury him, and fully recovered. His account of the experience of his mind during that state of quasi-death is interesting, whether regarded as a dream, or, as some have been disposed to regard it, as a visit to heaven permitted by God to an eminently pious man.

Mr. Tennent related the occurrence to a friend, with whom he was riding, and who gives his words, as follows:

"'I found my fever increase, and I became weaker and weaker, until all at once I found myself in heaven, as I thought. I saw no shape as to the Deity, but Glory all unutterable!' Here he paused, as though unable to find words to express his views, let his bridle fall, and, lifting up his hands, proceeded: 'I can say as St. Paul did, I heard and I saw things all unutterable! I saw a great multitude before this glory, apparently in the height of bliss, singing most melodiously; and I was transported with my own situation, viewing all my dangers and all my troubles ended, and my rest and glory begun; and was about to join the great and happy multitude, when one came to me, looked me full in the face, laid his hand on my shoulder, and said, "You must go back!" These words went through me; nothing could have shocked me more. I cried out, "Lord, must I go back?" With this shock I opened my eyes in this world. When I saw I was in the world I fainted; then revived and fainted several times, as one probably would naturally have done in so weak a situation.'

"Mr. Tennent further informed me that he had so entirely lost the recollection of his past life, and the benefit of his former studies, that he could neither understand what was spoken to him, nor write, nor read his own name; that he had to begin all anew, and did not recollect that he had ever read before until he had again learned his letters, and was able to pronounce the monosyllables, such as *thee* and *thou*; but that as his strength returned, which was very slowly, his memory also returned. Yet, notwithstanding the extreme feebleness of his situation, his recollection of what he saw and heard while in heaven, as he supposed, and the sense of divine things which he there obtained, continued all the time in their full strength; so that he was continually in something like an ecstasy of mind. And said he, 'for three years this sense of divine things continued so great, and every thing else appeared so completely vain when compared to heaven, that could I have had the world by stooping down to pick it up, I believe I should not have thought of doing it.'"

Thus much must suffice at present by way of extract from these very interesting volumes. They abound in similar anecdote, and they are noble tributes to the memory of a list of worthies whose names are written on the rolls of Heaven in far brighter characters than here, but whose memories it is pleasant, delightful, and rewarding to cherish.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, March 8, in the Senate, Senator Wilson offered a resolution to amend the law regarding desertion from the army. Senator Johnson moved for the printing of 10,000 copies of the Patent Report of last year. The Kansas question being taken up, speeches were made by Senators Doolittle and Foster.——In the House, Mr. Taylor moved for an inquiry into the seizure of the bark *Adriatic* by the French Government; referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The Printing Deficiency Bills for the thirty-third and thirty-fourth Congresses were passed. Speeches on Kansas were then made by Messrs. Bocock and Dawes.

On Tuesday, 9th, resolutions of the Legislature of Texas, providing for a Southern Rights Convention in the event of the defeat of the Lecompton Constitution, were presented by Senator Houston. On motion of Senator Mason the Bill for the Relief of Commodore Jones was taken up and passed. The Kansas question being taken up, Senator Hamlin, of Maine, spoke against the Lecompton Constitution.——In the House, Mr. Quitman's bill for the employment of volunteers was taken up, and a speech made thereon by Mr. Faulkner. The Diplomatic Appropriation Bill being then considered in Committee, speeches on Kansas were made by Messrs. Keitt, Clemens, English, Phillips, and Montgomery.

On Wednesday, 10th, in the Senate, Senator Johnson's motion to print extra copies of the Patent Report was passed after discussion, and on condition that the volume printed did not exceed 800 pages. Senators Hamlin and Sebastian then spoke on Kansas.——In the House, Mr. Stephens asked, but was refused, leave to present a report from the majority of the Kansas Committee; he declared that he would print the report on his own responsibility. Mr. Curtis made a speech on Mr. Quitman's Volunteer Bill. Speeches on Kansas were then made by Messrs. Foster, Taylor, Haskin, and Dowdell.

On Thursday, 11th, in the Senate, Senator Cameron presented a memorial for a Steam Mail line between Philadelphia and Brazil. Senators Polk and Benjamin spoke on Kansas; after which the House Deficiency Printing Bill was passed.——In the House, a speech on the Volunteers' Bill was made by Mr. Stanton. Mr. Harris rose to present a minority report from the Kansas Committee. On motion of Mr. Humphrey Marshall the question was postponed for the day. The Diplomatic Appropriation Bill was reported by Committee of the Whole, with favorable recommendation. On the Deficiency Appropriation Bill speeches on Kansas and Utah were made by Mr. Case and Mr. Boyce.

On Friday, 12th, in the Senate, speeches on the Kansas question were made by Senators Chandler, Hunter, and Kennedy.——In the House a bill was passed to pay £750 for repairs to the bark *Ellen*. The Senate bill authorizing the Arctic explorers to receive medals from the British Government was passed. The House then took up Mr. Harris's appeal from the decision of the Chair that he could not show that the Kansas Committee had not fulfilled the directions of the House. After debate, in which Messrs. Harris, Stephens, Grow, English, Campbell, Colfax, Morrell, Washburn, Adrian, Jones, and Letcher took part, Mr. Harris withdrew his appeal.

On Saturday, 13th, in the Senate, the Kansas question was debated by Messrs. Wade, Mason, Bigler, and Broderick. The House was not in session.

THE REPORT ON THE FILIBUSTERS.

The Committee of the House on Foreign Affairs has reported on the arrest of Walker, taking the same view as the President, and winding up with the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That inasmuch as the United States can never consent that any foreign power shall have the right to enter its territory with a view of forcibly carrying off any person who may be therein, so it becomes the duty of the government to disown and disclaim all right on its part to enter, for a similar purpose, the territory of any foreign power or state with which we are on terms of amity and friendship.

"*Resolved*, That officers of the United States have no right to use the forces under their command in the territory of any foreign state at the instance of, or for the benefit of, such state, unless previously authorized by Congress.

"*Resolved*, That inasmuch as the views of the President, as made known in his Message to the two Houses of Congress, are in accordance with these principles, no action is necessary on the part of Congress."

THE LATEST FROM SALT LAKE.

We have news by way of the Plains direct from Salt Lake City to the 25th of January—one month later than the accounts received *via* California by the last steamer. The bearer of the news came through the mountains by a route known only to the Mormons, and of which the army have as yet discovered no trace. He reports the Mormons as busily preparing for a stout resistance to the United States troops. They were casting cannon and manufacturing revolvers and gunpowder in large quantities. It is reported that Brigham Young is not opposed to the entrance of the civil officers into the Territory, and their exercise of their functions, but that all attempts of the army to enter the valley will be resisted to the last extremity. As an instance of the feeling of the Mormons upon this point, it is stated that Young addressed a meeting of nine thousand of the faithful on the 24th of January, to whom he put the question, "All those in favor of giving the troops hell will rise," when the entire multitude sprang to their feet. A skirmish had taken place between a party of Mormons and a picket guard of soldiers, in which two of the former were killed, and it was reported that four of the troops were also slain. The winter at Salt Lake Valley and in the mountains had been unusually mild.

FESTIVITIES AT WASHINGTON.

Of Lady Ouseley's ball on the 4th March, "Jenkins," the correspondent of the *Herald*, writes as follows:

"Last evening Sir William Gore Ousely, her Britannic Majesty's Special Envoy to Central America, gave a magnificent entertainment, the first he has given since his temporary sojourn at our national metropolis. It was as select as it was brilliant and agreeable, the guests numbering, perhaps, not over two hundred.

"Of course Lady Ouseley herself was the main centre of attraction, and possessing, as she does, extraordinary personal beauty, she lost nothing by the rich, though very becoming manner in which she was dressed. She wore a rich blue brocade, trimmed with a Honiton lace berthe, with a wreath of blue flowers upon her hair, fastened at each side by a diamond brooch.

"Miss Lane, of the White House, was, of course, one of the belles of the evening, and wore a black tulle, ornamented with bunches of gold leaves, a head-dress of gold grapes, with necklace of pearl.

"Miss Cass, the stately daughter of the Premier of the Administration, was magnificently attired in pearl-colored silk, with point lace flounces, but without ornaments of any kind.

"Madame Stoeckl, of the Russian Embassy, looked as stately as a queen and beautiful as a Hebe, in a dress of white silk, with black lace flounces, cherry-colored flowers, and gold beads, setting off a style of beauty which could hardly be enhanced by any outward adornments.

"Madame Sartiges, of the French Legation, wore a rich chene silk, perfectly plain, but elegant, and was surrounded with friends charmed with her lively and intelligent conversation. A niece of hers was also present, tastefully and prettily dressed in pink tarleton.

"Mrs. Brown, the popular partner of the present Postmaster-General, wore a rich pink silk, with pink roses in her hair, and looked young enough to be his daughter.

"Mrs. Thompson, the lively and whole-souled wife of the Secretary of the Interior, was dressed in a rich pink silk, with lace flounces, and a *coiffure* of pink flowers."

MISS SAUNDERS'S FETE.

The same writer thus describes Miss Saunders's ball at the Postmaster-General's: "Thursday night was the scene of Miss Saunders's triumph, at the residence of her step-father, the Postmaster-General, where she gave—issuing the invitations in her own name—the most brilliant *fête* of the season. Among the guests were Lady Ouseley (who used to attend parties in the same house when William Wirt first fitted it up) and her charming young daughter; Miss Lane, who yet retains her mourning and her dignified Saxon beauty; the fascinating Miss Butt, of Norfolk, Virginia, who bears her literary laurels bravely; Mrs. Minturn, of your city, most elegantly dressed; Mrs. Senator Clay and Mrs. Maynard, each fine looking, and each in black; the bewitching Mrs. Martin, of Tennessee, bright as the golden grapes which decked her hair; charming Miss King, whose deep hazel eyes must be the windows of a true heart; Miss Julia May, our metropolitan nightingale, in most becoming blue and silver; Miss Comer, of Georgia, *naïve* and yet brilliant; Miss M'Donald, of Onondaga Valley, New York, wearing an amber-colored silk, with lace flounces; Miss Chosch, fair representative of *la belle France*, in a charming blue silk; Miss Dunlop, called the "Belle of the District" by one in high authority; Miss M'Kim, of Baltimore, a *débutante*; the beautiful Mrs. Campbell, of Vermont, yet wearing her bridal blushes; Mrs. Senator Thomson, of New Jersey, an acknowledged leader of the fashion, and one of the best dressed ladies here; in short, *la crème de la crème* was there, excepting our foreign friends, who—for conscience' sake—stay at home and eat red herrings."

PERSONAL.

We find in the Anderson (South Carolina) *Gazette* a lengthy letter from Colonel Orr, in response to a communication addressed to him, requesting him again to be a candidate for Congress at the October election. Colonel Orr acknowledges the compliment conveyed in the request, but positively declines acceding to the wishes of his friends. He concludes as follows: "In discharging the arduous duties devolved on me I have been actuated by an earnest purpose to maintain your rights, guard your honor, and preserve this government, by restraining it strictly within its constitutional sphere. I have not believed that the highest test of patriotism was found in vehemence of sentiment or violence of counsel; and have consequently co-operated cordially with national men from all sections in carrying out such a policy as would best promote your interests and the interests of this great country. The prospect of retirement brings me gratification as well as regret. I have been in the whirl of political excitement long enough to covet quiet and repose; I require rest and recreation. The long neglect of my private affairs imperiously demands my presence at home. I can not longer disregard those obligations in justice to those who may rightfully claim, through the strongest and holiest ties of affection, my care and protection."

The President has appointed William Selden, late of the firm of Selden Brothers & Co., Bankers, Marshal of the District of Columbia.

Mr. Wingrove Cooke, the correspondent of the London *Times* in China, whose graphic letters have been read with so much interest, is coming home, unable to stand the climate any longer. Mr. Fillmore, a very able gentleman of the *Times'* staff, who has just returned from special service in America, succeeds him.

Mr. J. B. Gough, the American temperance orator, has commenced legal proceedings against Dr. Lees, of Leeds, a famous British lecturer on total abstinence, for an alleged defamation of character, and the trial, it is expected, will shortly take place in the law courts in London.

Mr. Arthur Helps, the author of "Friends in Council" and the admirable history of "The Spanish Conquest," is about to bring out a tragedy—"Oulita, the Serf."

Madame Goldschmidt is expected to arrive in England early in June, it is said, with the intention of taking up her permanent residence there—and, possibly, of singing in public.

The Senate, in Executive Session, has confirmed the nomination of M. Cook as Postmaster of Chicago.

Rufus Choate has been engaged to participate in the defense of Tuckerman, the mail robber.

A WESTERN WILLIAM TELL.

The *Louisville Journal* says: "It has been announced that Captain Travis has accepted a wager to shoot, at three shots, three oranges, placed upon the head and hands of a boy. It is certainly a most remarkable feat, only equaled by that of the great William Tell, with his 'cross-bow and arrow,' shooting an apple off his son's head. It will require an extraordinary amount of coolness, nerve, judgment, and precision even to make the attempt; and much more to accomplish it successfully, as we are certain the Captain will do. Great steadiness of nerve and acute sight are required to thus delicately play with hair triggers, while aiming at an orange on the head of a gentle and confiding youth, who trusts his life to your keeping for the time being. When we reflect that the least tremor or movement of a muscle may be sufficient to cause a premature discharge, and that the deviation of the fraction of an inch from the precise aim might terminate fatally to this trusting lad, the feat appears as fearfully wonderful as it is certainly novel.

"The oranges are each to be 2½ inches in diameter; one is placed on the top of his head, and one on the back of each hand, the arms being extended. In this position, at the distance of ten paces, or thirty feet, facing the shooter, and with no intervening object, Captain John Travis proposes to hit each orange, and has only three shots to hit the three oranges. The feat is to be performed in this city in June next. The boy who is to support the oranges is ten years of age, and a bright and sprightly lad. He has every confidence in the ability of Captain Travis to hit each object, and has equally as much in his own nerve, which can not be surpassed. He is now under daily training. The boy's feet are placed twelve inches apart and his hands upon his hips. The Captain shoots through the angle made by the bending of the arms and between the feet. This is done to accustom the boy to the firing, and, if possible, give him more confidence and make him feel at ease. From what we have seen, he possesses all the nerve requisite to the perfect accomplishment of this most extraordinary feat. The little fellow is a native of Louisville, and *his mother is always present during the practicing. She is entirely satisfied that it will result in safety to her son.*"

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

The Boston *Ledger* says: "On the 23d ultimo a passenger came to Portland by the steamer *Anglo-Saxon*, and took lodgings at one of the city hotels. Next morning he took the cars for this city in company with a gentleman who had remained at the same house with him over night, with whose countenance he, somehow or other, imagined himself familiar. They got into conversation in coming down the Eastern Railroad, but nothing transpired to elicit the fact whether or not they had been old acquaintances. When they arrived at the dépôt, and had attended to their luggage, one of the gentlemen inquired in the hearing of the other for a cab to take him to a certain street in Charlestown. The other said he purposed going to the same street, and the two engaged the same conveyance. On arriving at the street in question it appeared that they both designed to call on the same individual. This strange series of coincidences greatly puzzled both; but their mutual surprise and delight can be imagined but in a degree, when they found that they were brothers, and that they had thus singularly met at the house of a third brother. One of them has been in the service of the Pacha of Egypt for twenty-two years; the other has spent sixteen years in the East Indies, while the third has been in this country during nineteen years past. The brothers are natives of Scotland, and have not seen each other for twenty-four years.

ANOTHER GIPSY STORY.

A story is afloat that some gossip has been occasioned in Cumberland County, Penn., by the following circumstances: Mr. George Fry, of Shippensburg, married a gipsy girl, belonging to a gang who were haunting the neighborhood, about three years ago. The gipsy girl's father was so enraged at this that he kidnapped her and sent her to parts unknown. Mr. Fry mourned her loss two years, and then married again. But, says the Shippensburg *News:* Last week Mr. Fry's *first wife*—his gipsy wife—in company with "George Fry the second," arrived in this place in search of him! By the assistance of Officer Shade, she was successful in finding him. Limited space forbids us from entering into details, at this time, of the excruciating suffering Mrs. Fry had undergone since her departure from this place. The intelligence of her husband's second marriage was a severe shock to her, but she emphatically declares her exclusive right to him. It appears, by-the-way, that Mr. Fry's second wife was "a widow," that her husband went to California some years ago, and, soon after his arrival there, it was rumored that he was murdered. A few weeks since a letter was received from him by her, we have been informed, in which he states that he will return in the next steamer, etc. What the *finale* of this romance will be is beyond the power of human ken.

A PORCELAIN NOSE.

A Boston paper notices that a Dr. Codman of that city has made for a young lady in that vicinity a porcelain nose, to be worn with spectacles, which is of the exact shape of the original organ, and of a color like that of the natural skin. All this may be very creditable to the professional skill of the Doctor, but a porcelain nose can not be of the slightest service to a woman, since it can not be made "*to turn up*" under any provocation.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

RESIGNATION OF LORD PALMERSTON.

On 22d February Lord Palmerston resigned office in the following words: "I wish, Sir, to make a short statement to the House with respect to the course which Her Majesty's Government have thought it their duty to pursue in consequence of the vote to which this House came on Friday night. I think it can scarcely be necessary for me to say that that vote led Her Majesty's Government to feel that there was only one course which they could pursue with a due regard to their own honor and with a due respect to this House. We therefore, on Saturday, humbly tendered to Her Majesty the resignation of our offices, which Her Majesty was graciously pleased to accept, and consequently we now hold our offices only for the purpose of carrying on the business of the country until our successors are appointed."

LORD DERBY'S MINISTRY.

Lord Derby, who was recommended for the premiership by Lord Palmerston, formed his Ministry on the 23d, and submitted the list to the Queen. The following are the members of the new Cabinet:

First Lord of the Treasury.—Earl of Derby.

Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons.—Right Hon. B. Disraeli.

Lord Chancellor.—Lord Woodstock (Sir F. Thesiger).

Lord President.—Marquis of Salisbury.

Lord Privy Seal.—Earl of Hardwicke.

Secretary for Foreign Affairs.—Earl of Malmesbury.

Secretary for the Home Department.—Right Hon. Spencer Walpole.

Secretary for the Colonies.—Lord Stanley.

Secretary for War.—General Peel.

President of the India Board.—Earl of Ellenborough.

President of the Board of Trade.—Right Hon. J. W. Henley.

President of the Board of Works.—Lord John Manners.

First Lord of the Admiralty.—Sir John Pakington.

Parliament met on the 27th. In the House of Commons new writs were ordered for the seats occupied by members of the Cabinet. Both Houses had adjourned until March 1, when they would further adjourn to the 12th.

LORD PALMERSTON'S LAST SPEECH WHILE IN OFFICE.

The correspondent of the Carlisle *Examiner* thus describes Lord Palmerston's last speech on the memorable night of his defeat: "And now Lord Palmerston is on his feet—at half past twelve, having sat here since four; and seeing but too clearly his fate in the faces of the Opposition. What wonder that he is hot and angry? But there was something more than excusable feeling in the speech which was to close his Premiership. The language was bad enough—the reckless statement and the vindictive personality. But the tone was far worse—the tone of rage, with gestures to match. Such an exhibition the oldest members could not recollect, and the youngest could not brook. Cries of 'Question,' 'Order,' and 'Time,'—cries very rarely uttered while a minister is speaking, and least of all when he is known to be a falling minister—these ominous cries rebuked his indecorum and recalled him to self-control. It was past one before the House divided. Great was the excitement of suspense. As one after another who might have been expected to go into the left lobby went into the right, calculations wavered, and Ministers seemed to have gained. But when the ministerial tellers came in, and the Opposition came not, it became clear that the majority was with the latter. The agitation rose to its height, and found vent in a cheer when Gibson and Bright re-entered the House. The cheer was renewed when the clerk handed the paper to Mr. Gibson, and he advanced, as is the usage, on the right of the four tellers. Then there was a hush of silence that the numbers might be heard; and he read them out somewhat nervously.

"Then arose such a shout as has not been heard since the old Corn-Law time—a shout taken up and echoed along the lobbies into Westminster Hall. Some of the young members actually waved their hats, which is quite unusual, and not to be encouraged. Only on and behind the Treasury bench was there silence. Palmerston himself sat covered, and with his face bent down."

MINISTERIAL SCANDALS.

The correspondent of the *Herald* writes: "The appointment of the Marquis of Clanricarde to a seat in the government has caused more legitimate and universal disgust than even the introduction of the Alien Bill by the command of Louis Napoleon and his colonels. Our good Queen is said to be much annoyed at the appointment of a convicted card-sharper as one of her ministers. Worse, much worse, remains behind. If possible, two more discreditable appointments have been made—one of a Mr. D——, an unmistakable Israelite, the son of a notorious bum-bailiff; the other, of a *soi disant* nobleman, also of Hebraic connection, the Marquis of L——a. Mr. D——, the first, has been appointed a Queen's messenger, on the recommendation of the Marquis of Clanricarde—his qualifications being his marriage with Miss O'Neil, who is the daughter of the O'Neil associated with the noble and honorable Marquis in the well-remembered gambling plant upon Mr. Auldjo, where that gentleman was successfully bled to the tune of half a plum. It is currently reported that if Mr. D—— is really married to Miss O'Neil, our police courts will very shortly take the matter in hand touching the existence in health, though bereavement, of Madam D——, a former wife—a well known teacher of dancing, and a long resident in the vicinage of Grosvenor Square."

PROGRESS OF THE "LEVIATHAN."

The London *Times* says that the *Leviathan* "still remains moored stem and stern in the centre of the river, a little below the old building-yard, from which, for so many months, she kept out the light and air, and in which, for so many weeks, grave fears were entertained that she would remain—a permanent adornment of the river's bank. But though, as we have said, nothing worth speaking of in the way of work has been done about the *Leviathan* herself, a very great deal has been perfected, and, we believe, the arrangements are being made for her final completion and fitting for sea. With regard to this point a great deal of misapprehension appears to exist with the public as to the total outlay necessary to fit her out, and the time it will require to get her ready in all respects for sea-going service. As far as the first-named subject is concerned, we believe we shall be found correct in stating that the total cost of completing her fittings, putting on board stores, etc., and making her in all respects ready for sea, will not exceed £120,000, and that the time required to do this will certainly not extend beyond the month of July. Four months is estimated as being the utmost time necessary to fit her, but circumstances have arisen, such as the company being obliged to give up possession of the yard at Millwall, which may occasion hindrances that will probably delay her completion till the time we have stated."

POLITICAL DEMONSTRATION IN HYDE PARK.

A committee, the names of the gentlemen composing which have been studiously kept in the background, having called an "indignation meeting" of the men of London to protest against the Conspiracy to Murder Bill, and fixed Hyde Park as the place of assembly, crowds of people poured from every quarter of the town to swell what it was expected would be a monster meeting; but great was their disappointment, on reaching the Park gates, to find it placarded that, in consequence of the patriotic vote of the House of Commons on Friday evening, the meeting had been abandoned. The men of London bore their disappointment in silence, which was but natural. The gathering, however, did not want a political aspect, and, from a few little circumstances which occurred, it became tolerably manifest that the refugees were not foremost in the affections of those assembled in the Park; for whenever one of them broke cover a set of youngsters opened the cry, and, helter-skelter, a mob was upon his heels, and chased him from the inclosure. Beyond a few of these little episodes to the great political demonstration nothing worthy of notice took place, and the crowds, after enjoying the balmy breezes of the Serpentine, returned—meek as doves, and quiet as lambs—to their own habitations. Several members of the Legislature were upon the ground to observe the conduct of those assembled, and nothing could be more exemplary.

THE DISPUTED DUKEDOM OF DEVONSHIRE.

The Court Circular states that "there is a claimant to the dukedom and its magnificent appendages in the person of a son of the late duke by a lady to whom, it is positively asserted, that his grace was privately married by a Roman Catholic clergyman, the lady being a member of that Church. Such a marriage, though it might have been attended with illegality, would not be necessarily null or invalid, and the issue thereof might, undoubtedly, be the heir-at-law of his father, and therefore of the Duke of Devonshire, if the late duke had really been the rightful possessor of that exalted title. The claim, if formally advanced, will necessarily raise two important questions; 1st, whether the claimant is or is not the legitimate son of the late duke; and 2d (supposing this point established in the affirmative), whether the late duke was or was not the legitimate son of his father the fifth duke? But in the event of its turning out that the late Duke of Devonshire has left a male heir, born in wedlock, as we are informed is the case, we more than doubt whether his right to succeed to the title will be disputed on the ground that the late duke was illegitimate. We understand there is no doubt at all as to the late duke's having left sons who succeed to very considerable property by his grace's death, and that the claim of one of these to the patrimonial honors and estates is now going through the preliminary stages necessary to a legal investigation."

PROSECUTION FOR LIBEL ON THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

The London papers give a report of the examination, at Bow Street police-court, of Edward Truelove, a bookseller, who was charged by Mr. Bodkin, counsel to the Treasury, with having "unlawfully written and published a false, malicious, scandalous, and seditious libel, of and concerning his Majesty the Emperor of the French, with the view to incite divers persons to assassinate his said Majesty." The alleged libel was contained in a penny pamphlet, entitled "Tyrannicide; is it justifiable?" published by the defendant. Mr. Bodkin designated the publication as a most "atrocious" production, which advocates the propriety of assassination, and in terms, not indeed direct, but not to be misunderstood, applies this doctrine to the Emperor of the French. The defendant was remanded, but he was liberated on bail.

A FATAL HOAX.

A Sheffield paper contains the following: "A singular circumstance happened at our union last week. For some misconduct the master had put a boy for punishment into the deadhouse. At that time there was a corpse in the 'dead ward,' in a coffin. The boy took the corpse out of the coffin, dressed it in his own clothes, propped it up against the wall, and then himself got into the coffin, lay down, and covered himself over. In the course of a short time the master came, looked in at the door, and saw, as he thought, a sulky lad standing against the wall. 'Now,' said the master, 'do you want any supper?' There was no answer. The question was repeated with the same result. The boy looked out from the coffin and said, 'If he won't have any I will.' The master fled under terror, and received such a shock that it is said he has since died from the effects."

FRANCE.

TRIAL OF THE ASSASSINS.

The trial of the assassins Orsini, Pierri, Rudio, and Gomez commenced on 25th February before the Court of Assizes of the Seine. No person was admitted after half past ten o'clock on any pretense whatever, and if any one left the court he could not again return. The prisoners, who were all dressed in black, are all young men, with the exception of Pierri, who is middle-aged; they all seemed composed, and listened with attention to the proceedings. The early part of the day was taken up with the reading of the indictment, which is of great length. There are no less than thirty-three witnesses. Gomez denied any participation in the act; he only knew of it at the last moment. Rudio confessed every thing; he threw one bomb; he incriminated the rest of the prisoners. Orsini confirmed his former account, and accepted the full responsibility of the part he had taken in the affair; he confessed that he wanted to kill the Emperor, and he was ready to die; he never confided his intention to Mr. Allsop. M. Barnard brought the bombs to Brussels, but did not know for what purpose they were intended; would not say any thing as to the other prisoners. Pierri denied all participation in the conspiracy until the day the attempt was made, and then repented. Most of the witnesses were heard. Mr. Taylor, of Birmingham, did not answer to his name. On the following day, the Court sentenced Orsini, Rudio, and Pierri to death. Gomez was found guilty, with extenuating circumstances, and sentenced to hard labor for life.

THE NEW PENAL LAW.

The new Penal Law, as amended in committee, has been presented to the Legislative Body. The amendments consist of a verbal addition in the third clause, and of two new clauses of which there are in all now ten, instead of eight. In the third clause, relative to the manufacture of "murderous machines" and "fulminating powder," the words "or causes to be manufactured" (*ou fait fabriquer*) are introduced; and the penalty for him who manufactures, or for him who causes to be manufactured without being legally authorized, is the same, namely, from six months' to five years' imprisonment; and from 50 francs' to 3000 francs' fine. The eighth and tenth are the new clauses inserted in committee. The form is to this effect: "The powers granted to the Government by the fifth, sixth, and seventh clauses of the present law shall expire on the 31st March, 1865, if they have not been renewed before that period." The latter states that "the measures of general security authorized by the fifth, sixth, and seventh clauses shall be taken by the Minister of the Interior on the advice of the Prefect of the Department, of the General commanding in it, and of the Procureur-General. The Procureur-Imperial will act as adviser in those towns where there is no *Cour Imperial* sitting." The law will thus be in force for seven years. The second and seventh articles retain all their fearfully vague and menacing character.

POLITICAL ARRESTS.

A great many political arrests, some say as many as two hundred, are being made in Paris in a single day. The persons in custody are probably obnoxious demagogues who are to be transported under the new law of public safety. The Bordeaux journals mention a great many arrests there. Arrests are going on all over the country, and they still continue on a considerable scale.

A NICE QUESTION OF COURT ETIQUETTE.

The correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "At the last grand ball at the Tuileries another of those delicate questions of etiquette, which are the standing annoyance of official society in Europe, came near destroying the harmony of the evening, so far as the atmosphere which surrounds the throne was concerned. It was a question of precedence between the Prince of Denmark, who was present, and the diplomatic corps. The Prince is the heir to the crown of Denmark; but a law of etiquette, adopted many years ago by the Court of Vienna—a law which has been adopted very generally since in the courts of Europe, as the rule of conduct—says that Embassadors (not Ministers) must take precedence of all foreign princes who are not the sons or brothers of a reigning monarch. The Prince of Denmark is neither of these, but he is heir to the throne—a rank that ought to be higher than a son or brother *not* an heir; and so the Emperor, not to give offense, sacrificed himself in the following manner: In the Hall of the Marshals, where, on these occasions, a platform is placed, on which chairs are occupied by himself, the Empress, Prince Jerome, Prince Napoleon, the Princess Mathilde, and the Embassadors—the Emperor, not being permitted by the law of etiquette to seat the Prince of Denmark, suppressed his own seat at the side of the Empress, and stood on his feet during the whole evening, thus keeping the Prince company. The Embassadors occupied their chairs."

THE MASKED BALLS.

The correspondent of the *Herald* says: "The masked balls have been more than usually crowded this season. The entrance takes place at midnight, and no lady is admitted who does not appear in character or in a domino. The animation of these scenes is something indescribable. In no other country but France is the thing found endurable. Here, even the *bal masqué* is not what it once was; the same class of persons do not form the company, and *egalité*, which has pushed from their stools so many privileged institutions, has not been without its effect on these high-bred manners which made the French people so justly famous. Still there is an immense residuum left, and, combined with the extraordinary facility afforded by the French language for words of doubtful signification, and the national vivacity in *repartée*, with the born talent for acting common to all, a scene of unequaled revelry is produced, which those who witness will seldom forget. The Opera House is on such occasions thronged to the roof, many who do not choose to take part in the scene below occupying the boxes. That the licentiousness is terrible no one can deny; that the result of a masked ball is simply a very vortex of sensuality is undoubted, but nothing is done to offend the eye, and if French manners were not sufficient to guard against *contretemps*, there are police on all hands—mingling among the revelers as part of themselves—to keep order. The dresses are generally models of tasteful ingenuity, got up often at comparatively small cost."

THE FUNERAL SERVICE OF LABLACHE.

The funeral service of Lablache was, pursuant to notice, celebrated with great pomp at the Madeleine on 20th February, and in the course of it Mozart's Requiem was executed, the solo parts being sung by Mario, Tamburini, Alboni, and Grisi. A great number of artists and musical persons were present, and among them Rossini; the church was crowded to excess. The mortal remains of the great singer were afterward conveyed to Maisons-Laffitte, and there interred. The cords of the pall were held by Prince Poniatowski, Prince San Giacomo, Baron Taylor, and M. Carafa.

A WOMAN CONDEMNED FOR FORETELLING A REVOLUTION.

A singular trial has just taken place at Rheims. A woman named Lorinet, whose husband was condemned to transportation so long ago as 1854, for belonging to a secret society (no other offense), said, in the shop of a barber named Jesson, on January 14, a few hours before the attempt was made upon the Emperor's life, that something remarkable would occur in Paris between the 15th and 20th of January, which would lead to a revolution. The barber Jesson, who had himself been arrested as a member of a secret society in 1854, repeated to several customers what Madame Lorinet had said. They were now both tried for "false news, of a nature to disturb the public peace." Their counsel urged that whatever might be the culpability of his clients, they were, at any rate, not guilty of "false news," because, unfortunately, an event very likely to lead to a revolution was perpetrated in the evening of the 14th, and was publicly known in Paris on the 15th. The Court, however, condemned the prisoners for the sole fact of the false news, and sentenced Madame Lorinet to three months' imprisonment, with a fine of 500 francs, and Jesson to six months' imprisonment, with a fine to the same amount. The public prosecutor took occasion to say that at first it was hoped that foreigners only were guilty of the odious crime, but that judicial inquiries had now demonstrated the fact that the attack upon the Emperor was expected by the revolutionary party throughout France, and that they were in readiness to act as soon as the success of the crime should be announced.

CHEAP JEWELS.

The *Court Journal* says: "Opals may be had at this moment in Paris at less than half the usual value. This is said to be owing to the impression which has got abroad, and which has come from Russia, that it is the *pierre de malheur!* carrying misfortune to those who wear it. The Empress is even said to have joined in this wild superstition, and foresworn the wearing of the beautiful *parure* of this stone she had just formed from the re-setting of several others."

ROSSINI AND THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

On the 27th of last month an Italian organ-grinder stationed himself in the court-yard of the house occupied by Rossini, at the corner formed by the Boulevard and the Chaussée d'Antin, and began playing several airs from the *répertoire* of the great composer. He had played the serenade from the *Barbiere*, and was about to repeat it, when Rossini, accompanied by a friend, passed through the court-yard. The maestro felt in his pocket for a few sous, and while doing so he inquired of the man if he was aware whose music he was playing. "Of course, I do," replied the man, "it is from our great Rossini." "And the air you played before?" "Also from Rossini," said the man; "I should not think of playing any thing but Rossini in the serenade which I am now offering to him." "You offer a serenade to Rossini! and why?" inquired the composer. "Because to-day is his birthday," replied the man. Rossini, on hearing this reply, was deeply touched, and he turned to his companion and said: "This poor fellow is the only person that has remembered the date; all my friends have forgotten it; even I myself had done so. Believe me, when I say that the greatest triumphs of my career have not moved me more than the attention of this poor man." And the maestro drew from his purse a hundred-franc piece, and presented it to the organ-player, who was in the greatest astonishment at his generosity. "It is Rossini himself who has spoken to you," whispered the friend, when the composer had turned his back. "Rossini!" cried the Italian, and running after the retreating maestro, he kissed the hem of his cloak, and exclaimed, "Thanks, maestro! but it is not money that you have given me; it is a medal which I shall preserve all my life."

A MONSTER CAFE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Globe* writes: "I sent you some details of the monster café on the Temple Boulevard, capable of accommodating 12,000 frequenters. The joint-stock company to which it belongs begs to rectify a misstatement of your paper of the 22d. There are, on the ground floor, not eighteen broad billiard-tables but twenty-four! I was asked to be eye-witness of the fact, and the performances thereon, and I must confess that I saw nothing that gives a better idea of the immensity of the *locale* and the din of ivory balls, so much as the great quadrangular hall at Salterre, Bradford, where Titus Salt keeps 1000 power-looms at work, all weaving alpaca stuffs by steam, and all going as by clock-work, under one glass roof. The difference was they worked without clamor, while the noise of 'Carombole' and its jargon formed a wild uproar. not to add that time is wasted in the one, while the Yorkshire Titus can never regret that 'he has lost a day.'"

PRUSSIA.

A PRUSSIAN DUEL.

A telegram from Königsberg, in Prussia, states that General de Plehwe has been killed in a duel. His adversary was a relative, named Jachmann, a lieutenant in the 3d Curassiers. Money matters led to the quarrel. General de Plehwe was one of the leading members of the "pietest" party. A letter from Königsberg, of the 16th, gives the following details: "When, on the 11th, General de Plehwe presented himself at Trutenan, and Councilor Jachmann refused to receive him, he asked to speak to Lieutenant Jachmann, who conducted him to his room, and made him sit down. The General asked whether it was by the order of his parents that he had refused admission to the house to his (the General's) son, and the Lieutenant replied in the affirmative. The General then asked whether he (the Lieutenant) shared in the opinion of his parents in the matter, to which the Lieutenant replied that his opinion had nothing to do with the affair, but that, as he was interrogated on the subject, he was bound to declare that his views on the subject perfectly coincided with those of his family. 'If that is the case,' said the General, 'you are an infamous wretch, and you shall fight me to the death;' and he then retired. The Lieutenant laid the affair before the council of honor of his regiment, who for three days made vain efforts to bring about an amicable arrangement. General de Plehwe admitted the correctness of the facts advanced by the Lieutenant, but refused to come to any understanding with the council of honor, saying that, as a general, he knew what he had to do. A duel with pistols, at eight paces distance, took place on the 15th, in presence of Captain de Schlichting, the second of the General; Lieutenant de Lehwaldt, second of M. Jachmann; and a council of honor, composed of five officers. The General advanced to within two paces of the barrier, and armed. Seeing that his adversary did not move, he called out, in a loud voice, 'Lieutenant Jachmann, what does this mean? I do not understand it; you must fire.' The Lieutenant shook his head, but did not move. 'Gentlemen,' said the General, 'I beg you to advise the Lieutenant to fire.' As Jachmann still remained motionless the seconds observed that the General might fire first, if he chose; and he did so. The ball entered his adversary's mouth, broke his lower jaw, and passed out at the neck. After staggering for a moment Jachmann advanced a few paces and fired. His ball entered the heart of the General, who fell dead on the spot. Every one who had been engaged in this unfortunate affair rendered homage to the moderation and conciliatory spirit evinced by Lieutenant Jachmann."

ITALY.

MORE LAWS TO PROTECT NAPOLEON.

The Sardinian Government has presented to the Chambers a Bill on conspiracies against the life of the heads of foreign governments. It proposes to punish the crime with hard labor, which may amount to ten years, and in certain cases to inflict the severer punishments imposed by the penal code. It also proposes to punish the defense of political assassination by imprisonment of from three to twelve months. The Bill, in addition, effects certain modifications in the law relative to the jury, with a view to increase the number of challenges allowed both to the Government prosecutor and the accused. But the most important part of the measure is that which constitutes 200 electors of the town in which the Court of Appeal is established judges of the fact, such 200 electors to be designated by a commission composed of the mayor, a municipal councilor, and a councilor delegated by the intendant. These judges of the fact are to be nominated for six months, and can not be reappointed for the six months following. The jury charged to try offenses of the kind referred to is to be selected from the 200.

THE KING AND THE CENSUS-TAKER.

A late law of Piedmont orders that a census of every man, woman, and child shall be taken this year, and that each individual capable of doing so must write his or her own name, followed with the occupation. The census-paper was presented to the King himself by a census-taker, who seems to have been a "strict-constructionist," and his Majesty, pleased at the officer's close observance of his duty, wrote, "VICTOR EMMANUEL, Constitutional King."

THE COST OF ROSY CHEEKS.

A Milan correspondent of the *Musical World* writes:

"A young and clever English girl—very good-looking, and with a bloom of health upon her rosy cheeks—recently applied to a certain theatrical agent here for an engagement. After the lapse of a few days the agent introduced an impresario to hear the young aspirant for musical fame exhibit a specimen of her talent. The impresario stared at the English girl in a very peculiar way, and, at last, stammered out, 'But, Signora, I want some one to sing the "Traviata."' 'I am quite glad to hear it,' replied our young cantatrice; 'I have studied the opera; do me the favor to hear me sing the cavatina.' No sooner said than done; the cavatina was sung, and well sung, the impresario all the while looking daggers at the poor devil of an agent, who was thinking of his fee, and what good business he had done. 'Well,' he exclaimed to the manager, 'what do you think of her?' 'Think!' sulkily replied the other. 'She sings well,' added the agent. 'Diablo!' cried the manager, bursting into a furious passion, 'what's the singing? You ass, why did you bring me here? With that fat, and those red cheeks, she'll damn the opera, in the last act, the very first night!' So much for pale faces."

SYRIA.

OUTRAGE UPON AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY.

On 11th January the house of the Rev. Walter Dickson, at Jaffa, Syria, was broken open by a band of Arabs. He describes the scene in a letter to his son. When he first heard the noise, he says, "I got up immediately, and dressed me, and went out to the back-gate, where the dogs were barking. The Arabs had broken down the gate, but had not entered. I returned to the house and told Fred, who had arisen and dressed himself. I took down the gun, and we both went down toward the broken-down gate. As we were advancing Fred said, 'Don't fire, father.' 'No,' said I, 'you take the gun.' He took the gun, and we advanced within three or four feet of the gate, when one who stood outside the wall fired obliquely, and hit Fred in the lower part of his bowels and groin with a heavy charge of buckshot. He fell, and said, 'They have hit me! take the gun!' which I did, and fired at random through the gateway, not seeing any one, as they fell back behind the wall. I made my retreat into the house as soon as possible. Fred had hobbled in before I did, and was lying on the floor, bleeding most profusely—your mother and Mary trying to stop the blood with cotton-batting. He said, 'Father, pray for me, that I may be able to bear it.' He said he was faint, and asked me to give him some water, which he drank. I then secured the doors as fast as possible.

THEY BURST INTO THE HOUSE.

"In a few minutes we heard a noise at the door—they were trying to burst it open with a lever, which they soon did, although I held it as long as I could. As it flew open they retreated for an instant, and then five large, stout men rushed in, armed with guns, swords, pistols, and a large club six or seven feet long. With this one of them aimed a blow at my head with all his might. I threw up my right hand to ward off the blow, but he felled me senseless to the floor, cutting my head and wounding my hand. As soon as I recovered I sprang to my feet and ran out to raise an alarm, but was followed and knocked back into the house. They began plundering, but soon left that, and caught Mary by the arm to drag her out doors. She caught hold of me and I hold of her, but they soon broke our hold by striking me with their gun. She then caught hold of the bedstead, upon which her two little children were sitting, and pulled it down. They succeeded in dragging her out, and three of them violated her person! They then caught hold of your mother, dragged her into an adjoining room, and committed the same act. They then demanded my money. I took out my purse, handed it to them, and told them there was all the money I had. They renewed their ransacking in earnest, searching every trunk and box in the house, and strewed the floors with their contents. Not finding any more money, they presented the muzzle of a gun at my breast, and demanded more money. I caught the muzzle and held it above my head. They twitched it away and searched again, selecting such articles as they wanted, and tied them up in bundles. One of them caught me by the head, and with a drawn sword made a cut to take it off. I caught the sword with my left hand, which received a deep cut.

THE SCENE OF RUIN.

"When they had taken every thing they wanted they went off, it being nearly daylight. Fred lived about half an hour after he was shot. He made not the slightest struggle, as we perceived, when he died. After the robbers first came in he moved partly under the table, after that we saw him move no more. They dragged Mary out over his dead or dying body. They robbed us of most of our bedding, carpets, wearing apparel, and all our money, not sparing bread, silver spoons, table knives (forks being useless to them were not taken), and, in short, every thing they wished; also ruined the time-piece.

"Thorough measures are being taken to bring this matter before the Sultan and our Government. All foreigners here are equally interested. What the result must be we must wait and see.

"From your pilgrim father,
"WALTER DICKSON."

INDIA.

THE INDIAN GENERALS.

A correspondent of the London *Daily News* is telling some interesting stories about the Indian Generals:

"Sir Henry Lawrence, whose only fault was too great a respect for the religious prejudices of the natives—a feeling which led him to forbid the destruction of the mosques and private houses close to the Residency, which leniency subsequently cost the garrison very dear—even he coincided with Neill in swift punishment, hanging the men and flogging the women who were caught plundering and burning. At Allahabad some Jewish merchants were plundered of every thing. Neill, as was his wont, gave each of the convicted marauders three hundred lashes, with a fresh hand at the end of each hundred. This struck more terror into the natives even than hanging. The women were every where foremost in pillaging, and very few instances of humanity can be recorded in their favor. The Musselmanee women, generally speaking, hounded on the men to every atrocity. I only know of one instance where a Mohammedan interfered to save the lives of Christians. This was a Munshi at Allahabad, who sheltered three of the native Christians. Instances of the basest treachery are innumerable. A Mohammedan, forty years in our service, was detected in a plot to betray the magazine at Allahabad to the mutineers. A *respectable* native official came to pay his respects to Havelock, who sternly asked him if he had had any share in the mutiny. He denied it stoutly, saying, 'You may hang me if I have.' 'You will be hung,' the General answered, dryly, and produced a book of the fiend Nena, showing that this very man had been his paid agent. The soldiers led him away, and made him lick up some of the blood of our murdered women, then flogged him, and hung him. But the Mohammedans were ever foremost. The Mohir, who reigned nine days as King of Allahabad, offered a reward of 100 rupees for every European and fifty for every native Christian. A Chaprasi, named Haider, attached to the Mission, was his most active agent in ferreting out his victims. When Neill arrived he thought it best to go and make salam to his old masters, as if nothing had happened. A gentleman employed on the railway was present—a man of great personal strength—who seized and pinioned him, and he was carried off to one of the magistrates. The evidence was conclusive, and in five minutes he was condemned to be hanged that evening. He no sooner heard his doom than, by a violent effort, he wrenched his bonds asunder, and was off like a shot. The magistrate happened to be one of the swiftest-footed men in India; away he went after the prisoner, overtook him, knocked him down, kicked him, forced him to get up on a palkigari which was standing by, and hung him on a tree, then and there; after which, looking pitifully at his fist, he complained that 'the wretch had spoiled his knuckles.' This will give you an idea of the advantage of having able-bodied magistrates in these times."

CHINA.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF CANTON.

We have now our files containing full accounts of the bombardment and capture of Canton.

The bombardment of the city commenced at six o'clock in the morning of Monday, the 28th of December, and during the whole of that day the gun-boats were busily engaged in transferring the various arms—British and French, seamen and marines, artillery and engineers, 59th and Sepoys—from Honan, the larger men-of-war, and the troop-ships to the Canton side. The fire continued all day; it seemed to flag toward evening, but only for a time; and at six o'clock a large fire burst out in the extreme western suburbs, kindled by Captain Hall and a party of men from the gun-boats, designed to clear a road up to the wall from just below French Folly: it raged furiously for several hours, and effectually cleared away all obstructions.

The bombardment during the night is described as "a sight never to be forgotten." Along the whole river line there were fierce fires raging, houses tumbling, and timbers crashing. At the extreme east end were the gunboats, pouring in rockets and shell; next came some French ships; then the *Niger*, *Hornet*, *Cruiser*, *Surprise*, and *Nimrod;* then Dutch Folly, with its rockets and mortars; below it, two large French gun-boats, and last of all the *Phlegeton* and *Actæon*. The fire from the various ships was kept up only at intervals, but from their numbers it appeared incessant. During the brief pauses every thing was still as death in the city—no shouting or screams, or sounds of confusion; not a human being was to be seen either on the city side or on Honan, but it seemed as if the stern form of the Destroying Angel were crouching over the fated and unhappy city, and awing its victims into silence. The shells were whirling through the air, their track marked by the fizzing of their fiery fusees twinkling like stars during their revolutions, till at last, arriving at their destinations, there was a flash and an explosion, which told how accurately and fearfully these engines of destruction do their work. Some of these shells reached even to Gough's Fort, and fragments were found there the following day. The rockets, too, seemed to be hissing about in every direction; and the elliptical shell from the French ships caused no little astonishment as they burred through the air with a noise not unlike that of an immense humming-top. The scene was one replete with awe, and dreadful must have been the sufferings of the poor people, thus made to answer for the sins of their rulers. By midnight the fire in the city seemed nearly to have expended itself; but every now and then the flames shot up with fitful glare, dying away again nearly as rapidly. The whole of the suburbs seemed to be on fire, but nothing was touched on the Honan side.

APPEARANCE OF THE CITY.

The city was soon taken. On the following Sunday a correspondent entered the city by the new road carried through that portion of the suburbs immediately above the French Folly, and which had just been opened. No Chinese were to be seen. You enter the city by the southeast angle of the wall. The streets were entirely deserted. The town had suffered very much in this quarter; not a house scarcely that had not a hole in the roof, indicative of the entrance of a shot or rocket. No dead Chinese were lying about, which may be accounted for by an order that all bodies fallen in with should be buried; but when the city was first entered the walls were well covered with dead bodies.

HOW YEH WAS CAUGHT.

On Tuesday an expedition into the interior of the city was planned and executed. Mr. Parkes had heard of Yeh's whereabouts, and was anxious to catch him. His Excellency was reported to be residing at the Ut-Wa College, in the very centre of the city; but on arriving there it was found he had decamped the previous Thursday to the Lieutenant-General's Yamun, in the southwest corner of the old city. This information was given by a Chinese officer, who refused to point out the Yamun, but depending on two Chinese guides whom he had engaged by promise of reward, Mr. Parkes made his way to the place indicated, under the protection of about 100 Blue-jackets, commanded by Commodore Elliot and Captain Key. Bursting open the doors of the Yamun, the retreating figure of the High Commissioner was the signal for a general rush after him, and notwithstanding the protestations of an ambitious mandarin that "Me Yeh!" the stout Viceroy found himself in the embrace of Captain Key and the Commodore's coxswain, who had outrun the others, and ranged up one on each side of him. He was brought back, and conducted to a seat, and was soon identified by many Chinese who were marched in singly, and asked by Mr. Parkes who the gentleman was; they all instantly fell down on their knees, saying he was the Chetoi (Governor-general).

WHAT HE LOOKED LIKE.

The correspondent of the London *Times* writes: "If he had six headmen in his train, and if we all stood kidnapped men before him, he could not hold his head more haughtily. It is a huge, sensual, flat face. The profile is nearly straight from the eyebrow to the chin. He wears his mandarin cap, his red button, and his peacock's tail, but in other respects has the ordinary quilted blue tunic and loose breeches, the universal winter wear of this part of China. He seats himself in an arm-chair, and some inferior mandarins, who have pressed in after him, stand round and make him a little court. The officers who fill the room are passing to and fro upon their duties, and of course refrain from staring at him. Yet no one can look upon that face without feeling that he is in the presence of an extraordinary man. There is a ferocity about that restless, roving eye, which almost makes you shrink from it. It is the expression of a fierce and angry but not courageous animal. While the long nails of his dirty fingers are trembling against the table, and his eyes are ranging into every part of the room in search of every face, his *pose* of dignity is too palpably simulated to inspire respect, even if you could forget his deeds. But no one can look upon him with contempt.

"The two admirals and the generals now arrive, and after some salutations, which were naturally more embarrassing to the captors than the captive, the English admiral inquired whether Mr. Cooper, Sen., was still living. You will recollect the circumstances under which this gentleman was kidnapped. Yeh burst forth into a loud laugh, which sounded to every one present as though he were recollecting and enjoying the recollections of this poor man's sufferings. When he had finished his cachinnations he replied, 'I can't recollect about this man, but I will make inquiries to-morrow, and if he can be found you shall have him.'

"The disgust was at that moment so great, for many in the room had known and esteemed poor Cooper, that if the audience could have decided the matter, Yeh would have been taken out and hanged.

"He was told that his answer was not courteous, and he replied that it was, at any rate, the only answer he should give.

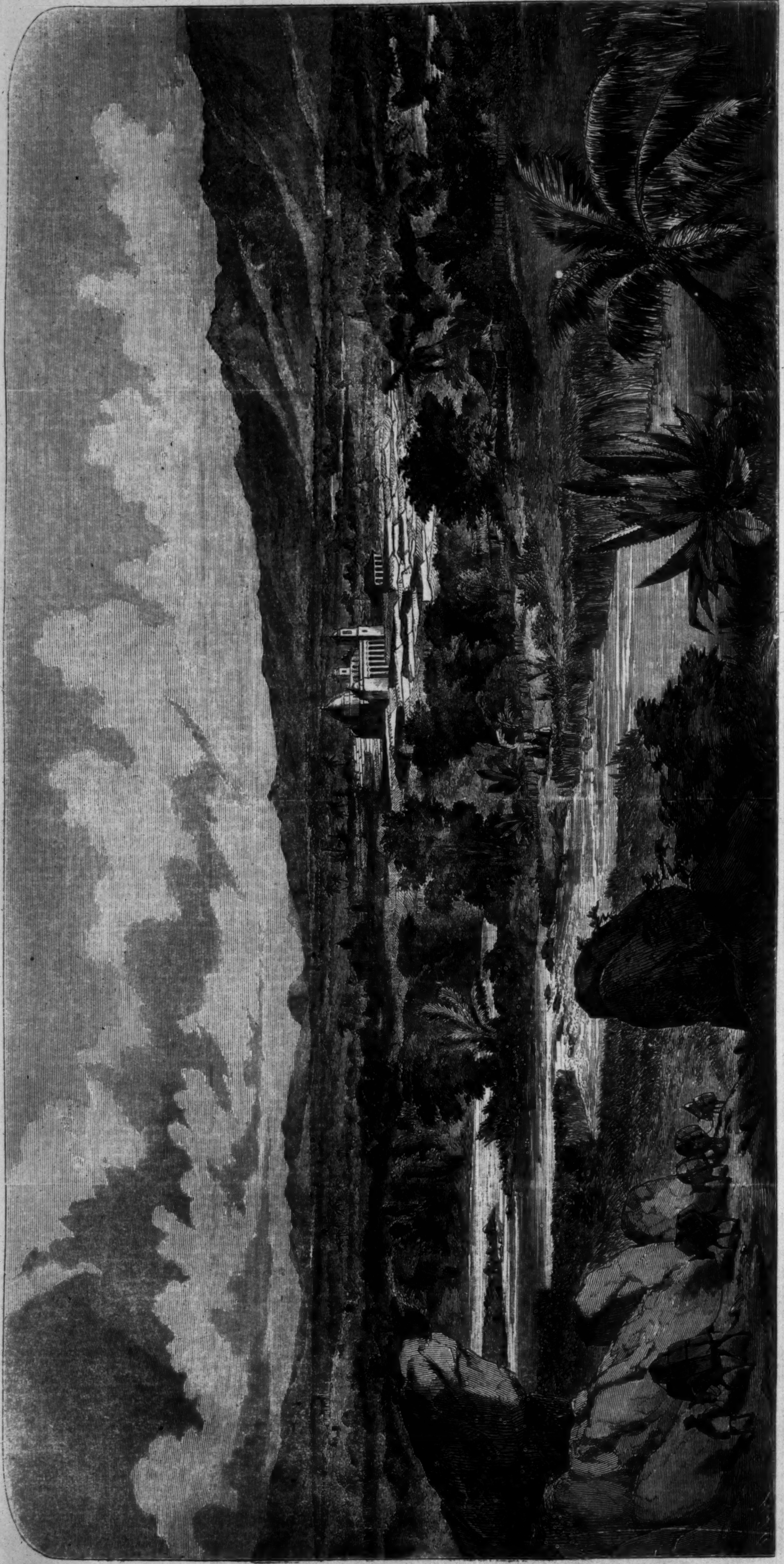
"After some further conversation, Yeh was sent on board the ships."

THE PLUNDER.

For six days the western gate had been open, and exit had been denied to neither men, nor goods, nor treasure. Surely there could be nothing left to reward the captors. How can we strain our minds to comprehend the stolid, stupid confidence of these Chinese officials? The treasury was full of silver, as full probably as it ever was. As many as fifty-two boxes, which a man could not singly lift, were found, and sixty-eight packets of solid ingots. There was also a store-house of the most costly Mandarin fur dresses, lined with sables and rare furs, and there was a room full of copper cash. Now a strange scene occurred. The instructions were to bring away any bullion, but to touch nothing else. These orders were obeyed with a strange and self-denying fidelity. The soldiers and officers with difficulty turned their eyes away from the rich dresses. But how to remove the heavy load of bullion. Crowds had assembled in front, and a happy thought occurred to one of the officers: "A dollar's worth of cash to every coolie who will help to carry the silver to the English camp." In a moment the crowd dispersed in search of their bamboo poles, and in another moment there were a thousand volunteer Cantonese contending for the privilege of carrying for an enemy their city's treasure. With their stipulated strings of cash around their necks, away they trudged with the English soldiers and the sycee silver.

HOW CANTON IS TO BE GOVERNED.

The Governor of Canton was taken prisoner as well as Yeh and the Tartar General. The Governor Pihquei was subsequently installed as vice-Governor of the city, with powers similar to those wielded by Yeh. The allies were to continue their protectorate until satisfactory terms were made by the Government of Pekin. A committee, composed of two Englishmen and one Frenchman, had been charged with the supervision of the Government, and had issued a proclamation inviting the people to return, assuring them of their protection.



CITY AND PLAIN OF COMAYAGUA, HONDURAS.

BRIDGING THE CONTINENT.

THE HONDURAS INTEROCEANIC RAILWAY.

Central America, during the past five years, has attracted greater attention than any other portion of the American continent. It has been the theatre of national rivalries and consequent embittered diplomatic contests, and of an episode of adventure more remarkable than any other recorded in modern annals; and which, from varying points of view, has been denounced as piratical, or applauded as in the highest interest of humanity and civilization. But the great fact, out of which these rivalries and contests have sprung, and which gives to Central America its real value in the eyes of the world, is that, somewhere within its borders, lies that "short and easy passage" between the seas of which Columbus and Cortez dreamed, and which is the great desideratum of modern commerce. Tehuantepec, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Panama have become familiar words, as designating those geographical points to which the enterprise of our day has been chiefly directed in its search for an interoceanic highway. Each affords certain facilities for such a work, and each has able and earnest advocates. It seems not improbable, however, that the palm of superiority—for which all contend—will be held in reserve until the question shall be determined by the test of experiment.

Meantime the great world can have only a relative interest in the question, limited to obtaining an intelligent idea of the various routes proposed, and a knowledge of the leading facts upon which their claims to attention are founded. It is hardly necessary to say that it is solely with the view of gratifying this interest, and only in the sense of contributing impartially to enlighten the public mind in these respects, that reference is had, in these pages, to any of the great projects in question.

The construction of the Panama Railway may be regarded as the first practical attempt toward connecting the oceans through an improved means of communication answering to modern requirements. This work, commenced in 1849, was carried forward in the face of many serious obstacles, resulting from a fatal climate and an unsettled condition of affairs in the Isthmus, to a completion in 1855, since which time it has been in constant operation. It is unquestionably a remarkable monument of commercial enterprise and engineering daring and skill, and has proved of vast public utility.

Another project for connecting the oceans, at points perhaps more advantageous than the termini of the Panama Railway, is that of constructing a railway through the Republic of Honduras, between Puerto Cortez (late Puerto Caballos) on the Atlantic, and the Bay of Fonseca on the Pacific. This road is in course of construction, under the auspices of a joint English and American Company, at the head of which is William Brown, Esq., M.P., of Liverpool, the head also of the great commercial house of Brown, Shipley, & Co., and Chairman of the Atlantic Submarine Telegraph Company, who, by a life of service in the cause of "peace and good-will among men," earned from the lips of Lord Palmerston himself, in a speech delivered some years ago, the honorable designation of "the living link between Great Britain and the United States."

The plan of this road, designated as the "Honduras Interoceanic Railway," originated with our countryman, Mr. E. G. Squier, not unknown as an author and antiquary, and who, some years ago, held the position of representative of the United States in Central America. To his various books and reports the world is principally indebted for the information which it possesses relative to the work in question; and to him also is conceded the credit of having organized and put in operation the powerful company which has undertaken the enterprise.*

But however Mr. Squier may have contributed to make known to this generation the facilities of the Honduras Isthmus for a route of interoceanic communication, the credit of the original discovery belongs to those iron men who, in the days of Cortez and Pizarro, traversed every part of the American continent, and investigated its most secret recesses, in their search for "*el secreto del estrecho*" (the secret of the Strait), or that open water connection between the oceans which they supposed to exist, and of which Cortez wrote that its discovery "would make the King of Spain master of so many kingdoms that he might consider himself Lord of the world." Failing to find such a Strait, they next devoted themselves to careful search for those points where communication overland could be most easily established.

ANCIENT EXPLORATIONS.

As early as 1540, but thirty-eight years after Columbus had landed on the shores of Honduras at Truxillo, and but fourteen years after Cortez himself, at the close of a long and weary journey from Mexico overland, had built the town of Natividad at Puerto Caballos—as early as 1540, Alonzo Casceres, one of the lieutenants of Alvarado, had found-

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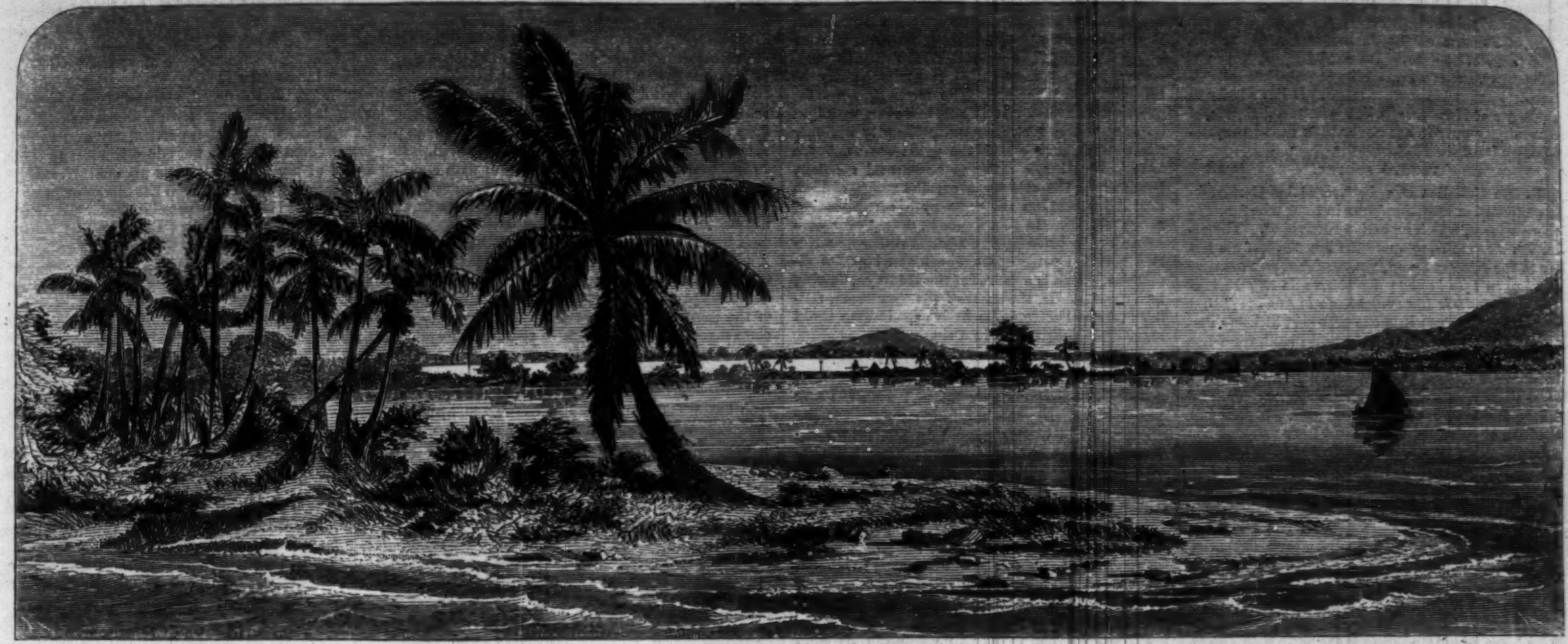
* See "*Notes on Central America; particularly the States of Honduras and San Salvador; their Geography, Topography, Climate, Population, Resources, etc., etc., and the Proposed Interoceanic Railway*, by E. G. Squier, late Chargé d'Affaires of the United States in Central America; with Original Maps and Illustrations." P. 400, 8vo. Harper & Brothers, New York.



PUERTO CORTEZ (LATE CABALLOS) AND ALVARADO LAGOON, ATLANTIC PORT OF HONDURAS RAILWAY.

ed the city of Comayagua, then called Valladolid, the present capital of Honduras, in obedience to instructions "*to find out an eligible situation for a town, midway between the oceans.* It was the intention of the founders," adds the historian of Guatemala, Juarros, "by means of this place to obtain *an easy communication between the Atlantic and Pacific*; its situation, being about half-way between Puerto Caballos and the Bay of Fonseca, would render it a convenient intermediate dépôt; the climate being healthy, and the soil fertile, much of the sickness and waste of human life would be prevented, and many of the fatigues and privations avoided that were experienced in the journey from Nombre de Dios [Chagres] to Panama."

Although the establishment of the city of Comayagua does not seem to have led to any immediate change in the course of trade across the Isthmus of Panama, still the object had in view was neither neglected nor abandoned. Among the many papers relating to this subject in the Department of the Marine, at Madrid, is a memorial addressed to the King of Spain, in 1565, by Philip de Aniñon, entitled, "*On the Utility and Advantages which would result from changing the Route of Transit between the Seas from Nombre de Dios and Panama to Puerto de Caballos and Fonseca.*"

The memorial of Aniñon sets forth that the subject of which he proposes to speak is one that "concerns the glory of God, the service of his Majesty, and the common good," and he claims to be heard, and have his representations credited, as "being an old settler in the country, well informed on its condition and resources, and from having traveled all over it." He affirms that the change proposed by Hermosilla would "result in the saving of the lives of many Spaniards, in consequence of a better climate; in the better protection, at less cost, of the establishments on both seas against the attacks of freebooters and pirates; and in the speedy establishment of ten or twelve cities in a country rich in the ores of gold and silver, and abounding in corn, cattle, and other supplies."

CHURCH OF MERCED, AND INDEPENDENCE MONUMENT, COMAYAGUA.

Upon the point of comparative salubrity, Aniñon speaks with the blunt emphasis of a man in downright earnest. He says: "At the outset, if there be any thing on earth which may be compared to hell, it is the climate of Nombre de Dios, which is so notorious that I shall not enlarge upon it, but sum up by saying that in all the Indies, fruitful and abundant as they are, Nombre de Dios [near Chagres] alone is so thoroughly barren that no kind of fruit can be grown there, not even plantains; nor can children be reared there; and the Spaniards die out so rapidly that the population becomes almost entirely extinct every six months, and is only filled up by the number of persons attracted thither by the large profits on the vast quantities of gold and silver which pass through the place."

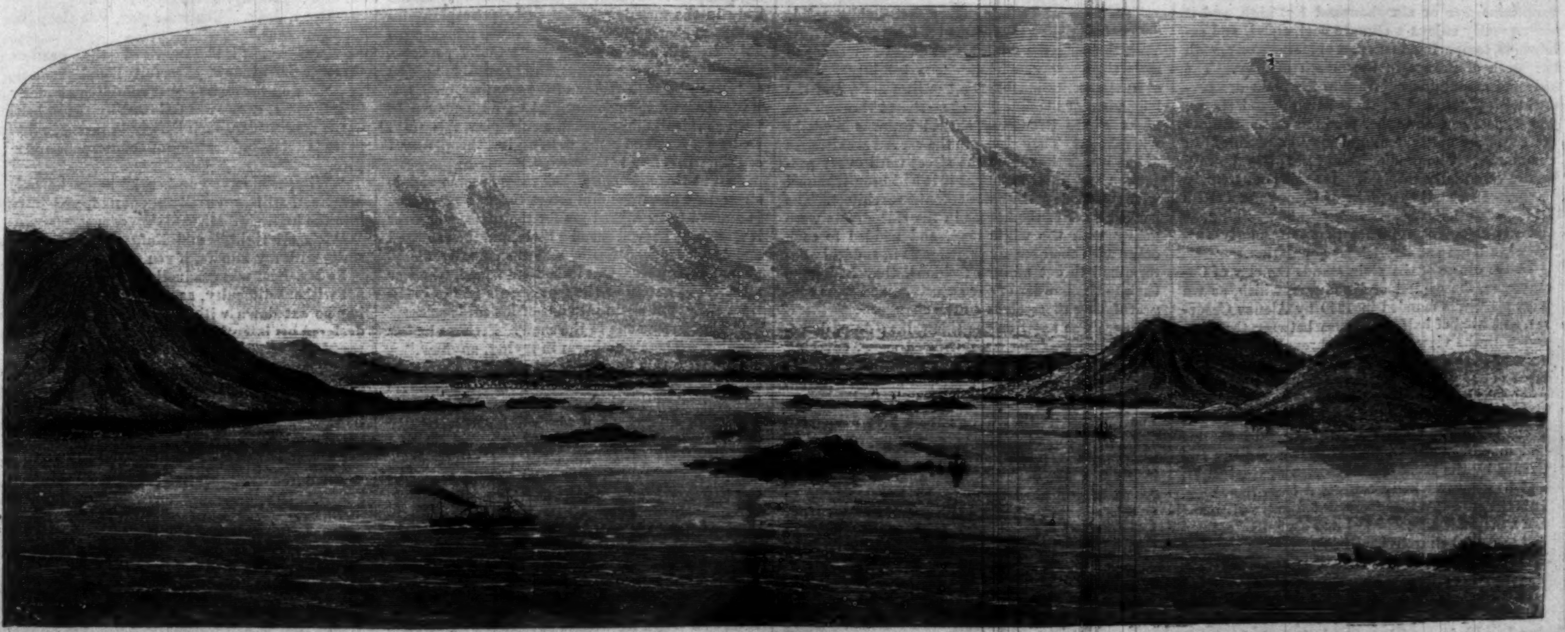
The testimony of Aniñon was followed up by that of numerous officers of the Spanish Crown, and confirmed by the results of a survey of the route by the celebrated Italian engineer, Bautista Antonelli, in the year 1586. It would seem that at this period the Council of the Indies had resolved to break up the transit at Panama, and transfer it to Honduras; but the wars which followed between Spain and the English, French, and Dutch, extending equally to the colonies, the coasts of which were harassed by invasions and infested by pirates, had the effect of preventing the contemplated change; and the project seems not only to have become neglected, but absolutely forgotten. It is said that some time during the last century the line was again examined, under orders from the Spanish Crown, with reference to a ship-canal; but of this we have no satisfactory evidence.

MODERN DISCOVERY.

In making these references to the early Spanish explorations and reports, we do not wish in the least to detract from the credit which belongs to Mr. Squier, who, three hundred years later, has again drawn attention to the capabilities of the Honduras Isthmus. It is due to him to say, that his conclusions, as to the advantages of that Isthmus for an interoceanic highway, were founded upon observations made on the spot, quite irrespective of the hints and data furnished by ancient documents bearing on the subject, and which, indeed, have only been rescued within the past year from the chaos of the Spanish archives.

The great physical fact which gives feasibility to the project of a railway through Honduras is, that there is here a breaking down or interruption in that great back-bone of the continent, the mountain chain of the Cordilleras, constituting an uninterrupted transverse valley extending from sea to sea. The manner in which, in 1850, Mr. Squier was led to infer the existence of such a valley is a good example of close induction from observations on the prevailing winds and other data, but too long to be detailed here. At that time, it would seem, our explorer felt no interest in his discovery, except as a remarkable topographical feature of the country. Later, however, when the question of interoceanic communication took a practical form, he was led to reflect upon it in that connection; and early in 1853, at the head of a small party of engineers, took the field in person, to test the accuracy of his inferences by an actual survey. The results seem to have more than realized his anticipations, and he lost no time in securing, from the Government of Honduras, a charter for a railway on the line that he had marked out, which, it is claimed, is far more liberal in its provisions than any which has yet been conceded for a similar purpose. Since then, as we have said, a company has been organized for the construction of the work, under guarantees of the neutrality of the line, and of protection against "interruption, seizure, or unjust confiscation," in the form of treaty stipulations between Honduras and the principal maritime nations of the world.

The line of the proposed work commences at Puerto Cortez (late Caballos) on the Bay of Hon-



BAY OF FONSECA, PACIFIC PORT OF HONDURAS RAILWAY.

duras, in lat. 15° 49′ N., and long. 87° 57′ W., and runs nearly due south across the continent to the Bay of Fonseca on the Pacific, in lat. 13° 21′ N., and long. 87° 35′ W. Its total length, from anchorage to anchorage, is 148 geographical miles—equal to about 161 statute miles. It lies wholly in the State of Honduras, whose territorial right and sovereignty over it has never been called in question.

PUERTO CORTEZ.

Puerto Caballos was discovered by Cortez, in his expedition into Honduras in 1536, who founded there a town, which he called Natividad. The selection was made, to quote the language of his letter to the King of Spain, "*porque es el puerto mejor que hay en toda la costa descubierta de esta Tierra-firme, digo, desde Las Perlas hasta la Florida*;" that is to say, "because it is the best port hitherto discovered on all the coast of the main land, from Las Perlas to Florida." It was surveyed in 1854 by Lieutenant Jeffers, U.S.N., who describes it as "a good harbor, of great capacity, sufficient depth of water, and easy of entrance and exit. Situated at the base of the hills, there are neither marshes nor swamps to affect the healthfulness of the locality, which is sufficiently extensive for the formation of a large city."

BAY OF FONSECA.

On the other side of the continent, and constituting the Pacific port of the proposed railway, is the large and beautiful Bay of Fonseca, which has been justly described as a "constellation of ports." It is fifty miles in length by about thirty in average width, perfectly protected, and contains two or three large islands, offering inner ports with ample water, and admirable sites for towns and commercial and manufacturing establishments of all kinds. The three States of San Salvador, Honduras, and Nicaragua touch upon it. Honduras, however, has far the largest frontage. The entrance to the bay from the sea is about eighteen miles broad between the volcano of Conchagua (3800 feet high) and that of Coseguina (3000 feet high), which rise like huge light-houses on either hand, and constitute unmistakable landmarks for the mariner. On a line across this entrance are the high islands of Conchaguita and Mianguera, and a collection of rocks called Los Farellones, which serve to protect the bay against the swell of the sea.

These islands belong to San Salvador, but the principal islands, Sacate Grande and Tigre, belong to Honduras. Of these, Sacate Grande is the largest, being upward of seven miles long, and rising, at its southern extremity, to the height of 2000 feet. The island of Tigre, however, from its position, is the most important. It is, perhaps, fifteen miles in circumference, rising—as will be seen in the engraving—in the form of a regular cone, to the height of 2500 feet. The slope from the water, for some distance inland, is very gentle, and admits of cultivation. The port of Amapala has a fine anchorage for the largest vessels.

Salubrious, surrounded by a country of illimitable agricultural resources, and with rich and exhaustless coal, gold, and silver mines inland, abounding in fine fish and excellent oysters; in short, possessing all the necessities for sustaining a large and prosperous population, the Bay of Fonseca is unrivaled in its adaptation for a terminus of a great work of universal utility like the one proposed, and seems to have been marked out by Nature herself as the ultimate centre of enterprise, and the great emporium of trade on that side of the continent.

PLAIN OF COMAYAGUA.

The leading physical feature of Honduras, however—that which gives feasibility to the projected railway, and value to the fine ports above described—is the great Plain of Comayagua, which lies in the very centre of the State, midway between the seas. In it rise the rivers Humuya and Goascoran; the former flowing due north into the Atlantic, near Puerto Caballos, and the latter due south into the Bay of Fonseca; the valleys of the two, in conjunction with the plain itself, constituting that great transverse valley between the oceans to which we have already alluded.

This plain is not far from forty miles in greatest length by from five to fifteen broad. Its greatest or longest axis is north and south, and nearly coincides with the line of the proposed road. Upon its eastern and western borders it is skirted by mountains five or six thousand feet high, and it consequently enjoys a climate cool, equal, and salubrious, comparing, in respect of temperature, with the south of France in the month of May. The hills and mountains adjacent to the plain are covered with pines, and on their summit and slopes, wheat, potatoes, and other products of the temperate zones are cultivated, and may be produced in abundance. The productions of the plain, however, are essentially tropical. Its soil is extremely fertile. In short, the plain of Comayagua offers all the conditions for attracting and sustaining, as there is abundant evidence that it formerly sustained, a large and flourishing population.

In the centre of the plain stands the city of Comayagua, the capital of Honduras, which, as we have seen, was founded in 1540 by Alonzo Casceres, as a kind of half-way house between the seas, and with the view of opening through it an inter-oceanic highway—an object which now, after a lapse of 300 years, seems on the point of being accomplished. The city now contains between 7000 and 8000 inhabitants. Previous to 1827 it had about 18,000, and was embellished with fountains and monuments. In that year it was taken and burned by the monarchical faction of Guatemala, and has never wholly recovered from the shock. It is the seat of a bishopric and a university, and has a magnificent cathedral and a number of large and beautiful churches. In front of the Church of La Mercedes is a square, or plaza, ornamented with a monument raised to commemorate the independence of the country. There are several other considerable towns in the plain, the principal one being Las Piedras, with a population of about 6000 inhabitants.

The line of the proposed road pursues a direct course across the plain to its southern extremity, where there is a comparatively abrupt ascent of about 300 feet to the summit, which may be overcome by two passes, called respectively Rancho Chiquito and Guajoca. The latter presents the greatest facilities. It is not, however, as might be supposed, a rocky summit, abruptly dividing the waters flowing into the great oceans, but a beautiful valley, a savanna or natural meadow, bounded on the east by a parallel range of high mountains, and on the west by a corresponding range of hills. In this meadow, dotted over with cattle, the traveler finds two bright streams, scarcely a hundred yards apart, flowing in opposite directions. One is a source of the Humuya, flowing into the Atlantic, the other of the Goascoran, falling into the Pacific. An active spadesman could reverse their directions in a single day.

ENGINEERING AND COMMERCIAL DATA.

We have thus indicated the leading physical features of Honduras as connected with the projected railway. The engineering data bearing upon it would hardly possess an interest for the general reader, and it is perhaps enough to say that the profile of the line exhibits but a single summit, 2400 feet in height; or, to speak more intelligibly, the sum of the ascents and descents, on the whole distance of 161 miles, is 4800 feet; considerably less than upon some of the most successful American roads of equal length, and nowhere involving a grade of more than 60 to 80 feet to the mile; that the cost of construction is estimated at $10,000,000; and that it is believed it will, when built, shorten the voyage to California, as compared with the route *via* Panama, from 1200 to 1300 miles of sailing distance, and from six to ten days in time.

Should it realize these anticipations, wholly or in any considerable degree, some idea of its utility may be formed from a consideration of the following data. The arrivals and departures at San Francisco, *via* the Isthmus of Central America, have averaged, for the past three years, 69,521 per annum. This number is irrespective of the passengers for Chili, Peru, and the Pacific ports generally, who would probably swell the aggregate to upward of 80,000. For the same period the product of the precious metals on the western coast of the American Continent, and of which the natural flow is by the speediest and safest route across the Central American Isthmus, has amounted to not less than $95,000,000, or nearly twice the capital of the Bank of England, in annual value.

Of course the commerce of California now constitutes the largest item in the aggregate of trade with the ports of the Pacific. But leaving California and Oregon aside, the commerce of the United States alone, with these ports, rose from 626 vessels of 244,000 tons in 1849 to 1856 vessels and 957,500 tons in 1854; and its imports and exports increased, in the same period, from $17,001,320 to $33,963,000, or about 100 per cent.

And if (as is most probable, in case an adequate route of communication between the oceans, with good ports and salubrious climate, were established), the trade and travel between Great Britain and her Australian colonies should take the direction of the Central American Isthmus—in this event we should be called upon to add to the large aggregates above presented, an annual emigration of not less than 50,000 persons, bullion to the amount of upward of $50,000,000, and general traffic of the value of $62,000,000!

All travelers concur in representing Honduras itself as a country of surpassing beauty of scenery, unbounded agricultural and mineral resources, and possessing a climate equally delightful and salubrious. "In its physical aspect and configuration of surface," says Mr. Squier, "it is an epitome of all other countries and climates of the globe. High mountain ranges, isolated volcanic peaks, elevated table-lands, deep valleys, broad and fertile plains, and extensive alluvions, are here found grouped together, relieved by large and beautiful lakes and majestic rivers, the whole teeming with animal and vegetable life, and possessing every variety of climate, from torrid heats to the cool and bracing temperature of eternal spring."

LOCKED OUT.

THE snow was coming down fast—white, solid, determined flakes, that seemed to have come to New York to spend the winter, and defied any thing to melt them away. They shone brightly against even the white marble front of Stewart's, and the long vista of blackness that stretched through the night where Broadway should be, was pie-bald with them. They clung to the carved architraves of the stores that lined the street until every projection and lintel looked as if it had been trimmed with swan's-down by some eccentric architect. The peaked roofs of the houses in the side-streets were heavy with the white load, and nodded to each other with their snowy periwigs as if, suddenly determined to cut modern fashions, they had gone back to the powder of our ancestors, and were congratulating themselves on the change.

There was snow on the sidewalks; deep, desperate snow; treacherous, fair-faced snow, covering up all the thousand pitfalls and ruts of the great city streets, and burying all the filth and rottenness of the town under one vast charitable mantle. The few people that were out on foot floundered along with quick laborious breaths; unprotected females were deep in it, and might be seen standing in some great drift looking damp and helpless. Small boys dashed through the huge banks like water-dogs through the white combs of the surf at Long Branch. They plunged into it as if they had been born Russians, and were continually taking snow-baths. They seemed to love to get it into their shoes, and hair, and ears, and sometimes they would emerge from a long dive under the surface, shaking a perfect foam of flakes from their shaggy coats.

The world was on runners. The centre of Broadway was a confused arabesque of sleighs; a vast labyrinth of furs and horses, very dimly illuminated, indeed, by the half-frozen gaslights that seemed to grow feebler every moment as if ere long they would perish altogether with the cold.

A bitter wind began to drive the dry, thick snow aslant. It buried its invisible nose in the deep loose layers on the streets, and rooted them up into furrows like some wild howling animal. It rushed round the corners of the houses with a sudden snap, as if it would garrote some passing wayfarer, and then, as if mad with disappointment at not meeting a victim, go shrieking down the street.

It was a night to make Charity feel ill at ease. A night to make Charity, as she sat by her quiet fireside, see desolate pictures in the coals, of poor houseless people shivering in rags in bleak corners of the town. Pictures of tattered outcasts lying close together in vain attempts to warm each other with intertwined limbs that were as cold as the snow itself; and then the white flakes falling, falling on the lethargic forms, until nothing could be seen but a shapeless hump of snow, which, when morning came, would give up its frozen secret, and a newspaper paragraph headed "Found Dead" would close the history.

The city soon became more silent. The sleigh-bells chimed infrequently along the streets. Late men housed themselves in bar-rooms and corner groggeries, and drank defiance to the cold in steaming tumblers of legal poison. Policemen, being morally convinced that it was a night for burglars and garroters to be abroad, retired, according to their custom, to the warm station-houses, and related stories of their past adventures with savage house-breakers. The city became silent, and the snow, though falling heavily as ever, came down noiselessly, as if it did not wish to break the general peace.

Just about this time, unimpressed, I regret to say, by the tranquillity of the neighborhood, a young gentleman was making a most abominable disturbance in Franklin Street. He was standing on the stoop of an old-fashioned and rather decayed looking mansion, kicking at the door with a pair of boots that, as far as solidity was concerned, seemed to be descended from those famous seven-leagued boots familiar to my childhood. Kick! kick! kick! A dull wooden thunder rumbled through the dark street, and then a pause came, as if the kicker was rather tired with his exertions. If there was any Recording Angel about, which I am sure there was not on so terrible a night, he would, I fear, have had to make a memorandum of certain profanities of which the young man at the door was guilty. He had hurt his toe with the last kick, I presume; and any one who has suffered from tight boots will know that with tender feet almost any thing is excusable. After a short interval of oaths he began to shout:

"Jack! Jack Dingly, I say! Confound the brute, how he sleeps! I say, Jack Dingly! That fellow should have lived in Ephesus, and taken a bed with the Seven Sleepers. Oh, if I only had a stone!"

Here the young gentleman looked about, but stones were hopeless. There were three feet of snow on every thing.

"Let me see if I have got any pennies to shy at the window," he muttered, feeling in his pockets. "Not a cent. I've go a fifty-cent-piece; but if I shouldn't happen to break the window and pitch it through it would fall in the snow, and then what the deuce would I do for breakfast to-morrow? I never will go out again at night—at least, when I forget my night-key—without plenty of stones in my pocket."

Having formed this virtuous resolve, our friend made a hard snow-ball and flung it against a window on the third story of the house whose door he was maltreating. The snow-ball struck with a soft, well-bred tap upon the glass, and broke into a thousand flakes that, apparently quite satisfied with what they had done, descended quietly to their parent bank.

"That's no use," continued the young fellow. "I never saw such soft snow. Modern snow, like every thing else that's modern, has degenerated. I recollect the snow that we used to have at school—why, a fellow could make a ball out of it that would break one of Taylor's plate-glass windows. 'Pon my soul this is pleasant, though! I wonder if I'm to spend the night in the streets. Interesting prospect! Frozen to death—discovery of the body in the morning by an early policeman—inquest—evidence given that the corpse was respectably dressed, and had fifty cents in its pocket—identification by my friends, and charitable verdict of 'Death by inclemency of the weather, owing, it was supposed, to intoxication.' I wish some man with pennies in his pocket would pass this way. I'd beg a few, and if he didn't give them, why I could garrote him!"

Just at this moment a dark mass became visible struggling down the dim street through the snow. It seemed to be a hard job for the mass, whatever it was, for it heaved ahead a little, and then stopped and heaved ahead again, and then finally disappeared altogether. Our locked-out friend, who was attentively watching the movements of the indistinct body, fell again into one of his soliloquies:

"That's some one in the snow. Perhaps he has pennies. There's no harm in trying, anyhow."

And with this he floundered off up the street in search of the gentleman with the desired coins. As he approached the place where he last saw the dark form sink a faint moan reached his ear. "By Jove, it's some one in distress!" he muttered, and quickened his pace. In a few seconds he came upon the objects of his search. The moans still seemed to struggle feebly on the icy air; and, bending down, he discerned two forms, apparently male and female, lying deep in the white drift. As he bent over them the female struggled up toward him out of the loose snow-bank in which she had sunk above her knees, like a half-frozen, half-starved Venus aphrodite emerging from the sea-foam—an origin for woman evidently suggested to the old mythologists by the proverbial fickleness of the sea.

"Oh, save us!" she cried, feebly extending her hands—oh, how cold they were!—to the pilgrim in search of pennies. "Do save us! He is my brother, and I can not leave him; and we will both perish in the snow!"

"Why, bless my soul, you poor creature, it's all right," exclaimed our friend, whose name I may as well disclose at last, particularly as by retaining it I find that I am not adding an iota to the interest of my story. "Bless my soul!" cried Rufus Gay, "it's all right. What ails your brother? Is he ill? Has he any pennies?"

"Pennies, Sir!" replied the poor girl, opening her large, hungry eyes to their fullest extent. "Pennies! We haven't got a cent, Sir. Brother spent all his money at the grog-shop this evening."

"Humph! I see!" said Rufus, his charity rather cooled by this revelation of intoxication. "Your brother is drunk, then?"

"Yes, Sir; very drunk. But that wouldn't matter so much—he's used to it—if the snow hadn't come on so deep, and we lost our footing, and when he fell, Sir, he was too bad to get up again."

Rufus took a closer glance at the speaker, who by this time had struggled completely out of the snow, and was kneeling down and tenderly lifting the insensible head that lay breathing stertorously on the chill air. She was starvation idealized. Her features were all beautiful, but shadowy. Her delicate nose was pinched, her cheeks fallen away, her lips thin and colorless. But through all Youth and Beauty were visible, like prisoners dimly seen through the narrow grating of the cold cell; but still seen.

"What is your name?" asked Rufus.

"Janet East, Sir."

"Janet East! Janet Northeast it should be, poor child—you look so cold! Come, help me to lift this great brother of yours. I don't live far off, and will take care of you and him until morning."

The pair bent down and tugged at the inert form of Mr. East. Presently a crimson face became visible, with the hair frozen stiff on the flaming forehead, and the whiskers that clung to the burning cheeks masses of ice. There was no danger just then of Mr. East's perishing with cold. He had within him such a plentiful supply of fuel in the shape of vitriolic brandy, that he was about as explosive as the boiler of a Mississippi steamboat. Presently Mr. East, being tugged at rather venomously by Rufus, seemed to awake to resentment, and after a few staggering attempts to gain his feet, in which, like a wounded buffalo, he invariably never got farther than the knees, he eventually assumed a somewhat erect position, aided by being immersed up to his waist in the snow, and demanded sternly of Rufus, "Whashyouwant?"

"All right," said Rufus, kindly, giving the drunken man a tremendous lift that near sent him head-foremost into the snow again. "Now, little one, take his other arm, and help me along to my door."

"Oh, thank you, Sir!" cried little Janet East, and her large eyes widened with gratitude as if she would nearly devour Rufus. Indeed, I fear me much that just at that moment she felt inclined to devour almost any thing.

Thus supported on both sides, like a coat of arms, Mr. East staggered along until they reached the silent house in Franklin Street where Rufus lived. Here the unpleasant conviction forced itself on the latter's mind, that the same difficulty presented itself to him as when he was battering at the door alone. How was he to get in?

"You haven't got any pennies?" he said reflectively to Jane, while he hung Mr. East by his coat-tail on one of the iron spikes of the area-railings to keep him steady, "you haven't got a thick shoe, have you?"

"Nothing but slippers, Sir," answered the girl, holding up a little foot enveloped in what seemed to be a collection of ragged pieces of sticking-plaster.

"Well, here goes with my boot!" said Rufus, tugging at a huge boot with a sole so thick that a Chinese would have worshiped. "Here goes!" and with a deliberate aim and vigorous swing he flung it at the obstinate window on the third story. A crash, and a falling of splinters of broken glass, was followed in a second or two by a lifting of the window, and a voice shouting out,

"Hallo, Rufus! is that you?"

"Open, Jack. Confound you, you sleep like a hippopotamus."

"Ay, ay, Sir!" answered the gentleman through the window, cheerfully; and presently a rumbling on the stairs—that rumbling so pleasant to locked-out ears—was followed by the unbolting of the door by Mr. Jack Dingly in person, who appeared in a mixed costume of counterpane and slippers.

"Why, who have you here?" he exclaimed, as Mr. East, still armorially supported, was hustled into the hall.

"It's all right," said Rufus. "Help me up stairs with my bundle, if you please."

So Mr. East was gradually conducted up stairs, not without difficulty, as on the second-floor landing he sat down with considerable dignity, and declared his intention of passing in that spot the remainder of his days.

Rufus Gay was an artist on wood. By no means a wooden artist; for his caricatures, that appeared every week in the *Pickaninny*, were the most spirited and imaginative things in their line that America produced. Rufus was a young man of even temper, but he had one skeleton in his house—he was haunted by engravers. They would cut out his effects. If he drew a pretty woman with dimpled cheeks and *nez retroussé*, when the block came out of the hands of Dibble & Co.—who did the engraving for the *Pickaninny*—she was sure to have lantern jaws, and a proboscis like a swordfish. Then Rufus would gaze gloomily on the efforts of his genius, and say with profane emphasis that he would like to know what Gavarni would say if he had his drawings so treated?

Jack Dingly and Rufus Gay roomed together.

As both were artists, their apartments were a pleasing mixture of the bedroom and the studio. The *utile* and the *dulce* were combined. The wash-stand was concealed by an easel. The sofa—that sofa on which so many ragged models had reposed for Jack Dingly's historical pictures that were never purchased—was at night clothed with equivocal blankets and sheets brought from some mysterious corner behind the coal-bin. The walls were covered with rough sketches of what artists call "effects." Smudges of yellow and black which Dingly called "sunsets," and of white and black which Dingly called "moonlights."

They led a jolly life for all that in their "crib," as they called it. It may have gone hard with them sometimes to pay their rent; but they drew, and painted, and laughed at their little straits—and I doubt much if Leviathan, the great Wall Street broker, slept half so happily on his eider bed as those two young fellows on their queer couches.

After Rufus had explained the circumstances that led to the strange addition to their party, the first question was to get Mr. East to bed. So that gentleman was with difficulty persuaded to extend his limbs on the historical sofa, where, covered with a picture drapery of red cotton, he presently went to sleep, retaining to the last a vague impression that he had been unwarrantably insulted.

Then the stores of the camp were produced as soon as this happy consummation was attained, and Jack and Rufus spread their bread and cheese, and somewhat exhausted demijohn of sherry before Jane East, with a good-will that decked the feast with invisible flowers. How the poor child ate! How the famished black eyes glared on the food! How the thin hands trembled as they clutched it!

She was very pretty. They soon discovered that—but it made no matter just then. Had she been hideous as Medusa, they would have lit the fire and chafed her frozen feet, and dried her damp rags as gently. None but those who have lived among artists know how good and gentle are men made by Art!

As the poor thing gained strength under the care of the two young fellows she began to emit, as it were, fragments of her little story. It was simple and sad. She was an orphan. She and her brother lived together in a tenement house in the lower end of Walker Street. Her brother, a capital fellow, if Jane was to be believed, when he was sober, had but one fault—he drank. He worked as a cabinet-maker in a large manufactory in Second Avenue, and earned quite a respectable income; but this income, alas! he seldom brought home. Mein Herr Mephistopheles, who kept the corner grocery near where they lived, got it all. She, Jane, earned a little by sewing—but oh! so little! not enough to buy fuel. People in Chatham Street—curse them! (this ejaculation is Jack Dingly's)—pay so little. Then she could not blame her brother for spending his money as he liked. It was his. He earned it. He had a right to do what he liked with it. Of course the *dénouement* to such a course of life as her brother's was easily imagined. Non-payment of rent. Hard landlord. Staving off the evil day—until on that fatal snowy night poor Jane and her drunken brother, when they returned from the groggery to which she, faithful sister, had gone to fetch him, found the door bolted against them by their hard landlord, and were turned upon the wide, white streets hungry and homeless.

"There never was such a dear little creature in the world," thought Rufus Gay, as she finished her little tale. "Just look at her eyes—what a face for a picture! What intelligence in spite of her haggard, woeful cheeks! Egad, she must have a brave intellect to have stood such a siege and not been starved out."

"What an effect of rags!" thought Jack Dingly. "What a picturesque arrangement! Backed by an old wall well toned down, what a study she would make for 'A Young Mendicant!'"

Rufus, however, being of a more practical turn of mind than his friend, was revolving a thousand plans for the improvement of little Jane's worldly estate. "She might go out for a governess; in fact, I know that Mrs. Belus wants one, if she knew any thing. But pshaw! of course she doesn't. How should she? or she might set up a fancy store in Broadway, as she is so clever with her needle. Five or six hundred dollars would do it." Just then Rufus's hand came in contact with his fifty cents and the vision crumbled. He planned numerous elegant occupations for his *protegé;* but somehow all of them required money—there was the devil of it! Through all this vista of vague dreams—as through the long avenues that led to London the bells chimed to the cockney hero, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London!"—there rang for Rufus one musical burden, "Janet East is pretty, Janet East is young!" and somehow the tones grew more and more melodious to his ear, and eventually chimed into dim echoes of marriage-bells, while Rufus Gay sat dreaming.

Rufus and Jack slept that night together, and Janet lay on a pallet-bed in the studio, made up of a conglomerate of coats and mattress, which was at once picturesque and comfortable. Jack went off to bed, muttering, as he glanced at the impromptu couch, "Good Heavens! what an effect! what a study for a Sleeping Mendicant!"

The next morning Rufus Gay was out early in the snow, down to the tenement house in Walker Street, the number of which he got from Janet the night before, and had an interview with the hard landlord, which resulted in that individual, after some demurral, accepting the artist as security for the rent owed by the Easts. This seemed to Rufus a capital joke. The idea of any body accepting him as security for any thing was so ludicrous to him that he came into Jack Dingly rosy with exercise and breathless with laughter, and woke that gentleman out of a sound sleep to tell him the farcical incident.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Jack. "She's a lovely creature, this Janet."

Rufus was grave in a moment.

"Do you think so, Jack?" he said—"I can't agree with you at all. She's small, and I think has a hump."

"Hump be dished!" cried Jack, starting up in bed, "Are you blind, man? Why, with a month's feeding that girl would be a Venus."

"Hallo! Hallo! you seem wondrously interested, Mr. Dingly."

"Well, so I am, Mr. Gay. Why not?"

"I don't care," said Rufus, sullenly"—you may marry her to-morrow if you like. *I* sha'n't say nay."

"Who talks of marrying her, you fool? I only want to draw her. She's just the thing for my picture. The idea of marrying a dirty little beggar girl!"

"Jack Dingly, I have to request that you will speak a little more respectfully of Miss East. She's not a beggar girl, Sir!"

"*Miss* East. Why Rufus—Rufus! what's the matter? you look as red as a turkey-cock. By Jove, I believe you are in love with the girl!"

"Have you any prior claim, Mr. Dingly?"

The only reply of Jack Dingly to this solemn question, which Rufus put with great dignity and formality, was to catch the latter by the neck and roll him over in the bed shrieking with laughter.

"Don't suffocate me," spluttered Rufus, as soon as he disembarrassed himself from Jack's clutch. "What if I am? There's nothing wrong in it, is there, Jack?"

Jack sat up and looked earnestly at his friend. Then he took his hand and said,

"Rufus, my boy, you are a gentleman. It does not matter a pin what girl you marry if she is an honest girl; and if you love this little waif, and find her to be as honest as she should be to be your wife, why, in God's name, marry her, and I'll be your bridesman."

Rufus pressed his friend's hand, and said nothing.

What Janet's delight was on that morning when she woke and found that the hard landlord had been appeased, it would take a bigger pen than the one I write with—which is, I regret to say, very old and very small—to describe. Neither is my ink black enough—it is a sixpenny bottle from the grocer's, and grocers water every thing, even their ink—to portray the pleasure with which Rufus looked on Janet's face and saw it lit up by smiles—smiles that hid the haggardness of those thin cheeks, as sunlight hides the barrenness of the cliff on which it shines; and when Mr. East returned to sobriety, and lifted his fevered head from the historical sofa, he listened with a dull delight to the benefactions that had been poured on him and his. In this weak moment he was so worked upon by gratitude as to make a solemn vow to Heaven, witnessed by Rufus, Jack, and Janet, to taste no more intoxicating liquor for a year, and, singular to relate, the historian is obliged to narrate that he kept his vow.

If by any mechanical contrivance I could, by aid of pen and ink, illuminate this page with fire-crackers and Catherine-wheels, I would, on the present occasion, present the reader with a perfect blaze of fire-works, in the centre of which he should be able to read, inscribed in blue letters on a crimson ground, the lines which appeared in the marriage columns of the *Daily Times* three months after the incidents I have above related had occurred. The lines were these:

> "MARRIED, at the Church of Holy Symphony, by the Reverend Alanthus Mezereon, RUFUS GAY, Esq., to JANET, only daughter of the late THOMAS EAST."

"FANNY."

FANNY was a beauty. Fanny was a perfect little pet. She was as delicate and graceful as a fawn, and as loving as she could be.

She was ever on the watch to show some pretty little attention to those she loved, and was always one of my most welcome visitors.

Who do you think Fanny was?

She was a small, high-bred, terrier dog!

Her master believed he loved her as well as if she had been his child; her master never was married, or he would have changed his mind about that, I think.

I first became acquainted with this pet of a Fanny when I lived in California.

We were in the same house for a while, and she used to sit in my lap, as happy as a kitten—no—not quite—for kittens enjoy perfect repose, sometimes, and Fanny *never* did.

At last her master came to New York. Of course he brought Fanny, too. It was a long, trying voyage for so dainty a little personage, but then she received the tenderest care, so she passed through without injury.

In New York she was the observed of all observers. She gamboled by the side of her master when he walked in the street, and lay lovingly at his feet while he sat at his desk in the office.

When the gentleman wished to go any where without Fanny he passed a slight steel chain round her neck and fastened her to the leg of the table; but when he visited us she was his companion.

I lived then in one large room in a boarding-house, and there she would come of an evening with her master, and springing up into our little girl's crib, kiss her face with animated delight.

Lily would throw her arms round the pretty creature, caressing it, and they were very happy together.

Lily was fond of the gentleman, yet if he ever came without Fanny she was disappointed.

One evening he came and Fanny was not his companion. Lily looked eagerly at his feet, and behind him, but not seeing her pet, anxiously inquired for her. Greatly grieved she was to hear that Fanny was *lost*.

The gentleman took Lily on his knee and told her the sad tale.

He had been, the evening before, conversing with a friend at Taylor's saloon. When he was ready to go he whistled to Fanny, who bounded on before him till they reached the street; the gentleman suddenly remembering something he had left, returned to fetch it, shutting the door behind him, but supposing his little companion was close at his feet all the while. Not until he again reached the street did he miss her. He whistled and called in vain; no bounding response answered his voice.

At once concluding that Fanny, finding herself shut out, had run home as fast as she could, he followed, but, arriving at his room, he was disappointed in not finding her, as he expected.

Advertisements were inserted in the newspapers. A considerable reward offered to any person who would find and bring her back.

At the end of three weeks, as the gentleman sat writing as usual at his desk, he heard a hesitating "*tap tap*" upon the door.

"Come in!" he called.

The door opened, and *Fanny* bounded forward, sprang into his lap, and covered his face and hands with kisses.

Behind her came a white-headed boy, who said he "would like *that reward* for bringing back the dog."

The gentleman knew that this boy had stolen Fanny and brought her back only in the hope of being paid, and he started up to give payment in the form of a sound chastisement; but the experienced youngster was too quick for him. Seeing the indignation of the owner he suspected what was coming, and took to his heels, nor did he stop until fairly out of sight.

Fanny looked none the worse for wear. She was so frantic with joy at being once more under the protection of her dear master that she was ever after very careful to keep close by him and almost under his feet.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

The interior of the Great House. The British Constitution at home in a Family Party.

GREAT was the family gathering that Christmas tide at Montfort Court. Thither flocked the cousins of the House in all degrees and of various ranks. From dukes who had nothing left to wish for that kings and cousinhoods can give, to briefless barristers and aspiring cornets, of equally good blood with the dukes—the superb family united its motley scions. Such réunions were frequent, they belonged to the hereditary policy of the House of Vipont. On this occasion the muster of the clan was more significant than usual; there was a "CRISIS" in the constitutional history of the British empire. A new Government had been suddenly formed within the last six weeks, which certainly portended some direful blow on our ancient institutions, for the House of Vipont had not been consulted in its arrangements, and was wholly unrepresented in the Ministry, even by a lordship of the Treasury. Carr Vipont had therefore summoned the patriotic and resentful kindred.

It is an hour or so after the conclusion of dinner. The gentlemen have joined the ladies in the state suite—a suite which the last Marquis had rearranged and redecorated in his old age—during the long illness that finally conducted him to his ancestors. During his earlier years that princely Marquis had deserted Montfort Court for a seat nearer to London, and therefore much more easily filled with that brilliant society of which he had been long the ornament and centre. Railways not then existing for the annihilation of time and space, and a journey to a northern county four days with post-horses, making the invitations even of a Marquis of Montfort unalluring to languid beauties and gouty ministers. But nearing the end of his worldly career, this long neglect of the dwelling identified with his hereditary titles smote the conscience of the illustrious sinner. And other occupations beginning to pall, his lordship, accompanied and cheered by a chaplain, who had a fine taste in the decorative arts, came resolutely to Montfort Court; and there, surrounded with architects, and gilders, and upholsterers, redeemed his errors; and soothed by the reflection of the palace provided for his successor, added to his vaults—a coffin.

The suite expands before the eye. You are in the grand drawing-room, copied from that of Versailles. That is the picture, full length, of the late Marquis in his robes; its pendent is the late Marchioness, his wife. That table of malachite is a present from the Russian Emperor Alexander; that vase of Sèvre which rests on it was made for Marie Antoinette—see her portrait enameled in its centre. Through the open door at the far end your eye loses itself in a vista of other pompous chambers—the music-room, the statue hall, the orangery; other rooms there are appertaining to the suite—a ball-room fit for Babylon, a library that might have adorned Alexandria—but they are not lighted, nor required, on this occasion; it is strictly a family party, sixty guests and no more.

In the drawing-room three whist-tables carry off the more elderly and grave. The piano, in the music-room, attracts a younger group. Lady Selina Vipont's eldest daughter Honoria, a young lady not yet brought out, but about to be brought out the next season, is threading a wonderfully intricate German piece,

"Linked music long drawn out,"

with variations. Her science is consummate. No pains have been spared on her education; elaborately accomplished, she is formed to be the sympathizing spouse of a wealthy statesman. Lady Montfort is seated by an elderly duchess, who is good-natured, and a great talker; near her are seated two middle-aged gentlemen, who had been conversing with her till the duchess, having cut in, turned dialogue into monologue.

The elder of these two gentlemen is Mr. Carr Vipont, bald, with clipped parliamentary whiskers; values himself on a likeness to Canning, but with a portlier presence—looks a large-acred man. Carr Vipont has about £40,000 a year; has often refused office for himself, while taking care that other Viponts should have it; is a great authority in Committee business and the rules of the House of Commons; speaks very seldom, and at no great length, never arguing, merely stating his opinion, carries great weight with him, and as he votes, vote fifteen other members of the House of Vipont, besides admiring satellites. He can therefore turn divisions, and has decided the fate of cabinets. A pleasant man, a little consequential, but the reverse of haughty—unctuously overbearing. The other gentleman, to whom he is listening, is our old acquaintance Colonel Alban Vipont Morley—Darrell's friend—George's uncle—a man of importance, not inferior, indeed, to that of his kinsman Carr; an authority in club-rooms, an oracle in drawing-rooms, a first-rate man of the *beau monde*. Alban Morley, a younger brother, had entered the Guards young; retired, young also, from the Guards with the rank of colonel, and on receipt of a legacy from an old aunt, which, with the interest derived from the sum at which he sold his commission, allowed him a clear income of £1000 a year. This modest income sufficed for all his wants, fine gentleman though he was. He had refused to go into Parliament—refused a high place in a public department. Single himself, he showed his respect for wedlock by the interest he took in the marriages of other people—just as Earl Warwick, too wise to set up for a king, gratified his passion for royalty by becoming the king-maker. The colonel was exceedingly accomplished, a very fair scholar, knew most modern languages. In painting an amateur, in music a connoisseur; witty at times, and with wit of a high quality, but thrifty in the expenditure of it; too wise to be known as a wit. Manly too, a daring rider, who had won many a fox's brush, a famous deer-stalker, and one of the few English gentlemen who still keep up the noble art of fencing—twice a week to be seen, foil in hand, against all comers in Angelo's rooms. Thin, well-shaped—not handsome, my dear young lady, far from it, but with an air so thoroughbred, that, had you seen him in the day when the opera-house had a crush-room and a fops' alley—seen him in either of those resorts, surrounded by elaborate dandies, and showy beauty-men—dandies and beauty-men would have seemed to you second-rate and vulgar; and the eye, fascinated by that quiet form—plain in manner, plain in dress, plain in feature—you would have said, "How very distinguished it is to be so plain!" Knowing the great world from the core to the cuticle, and on that knowledge basing authority and position, Colonel Morley was not calculating—not cunning—not suspicious. His sagacity the more quick because its movements were straightforward. Intimate with the greatest, but sought, not seeking. Not a flatterer nor a parasite. But when his advice was asked (even if advice necessitated reproof), giving it with military candor. In fine, a man of such social reputation as rendered him an ornament and prop to the House of Vipont; and with unsuspected depths of intelligence and feeling which lay in the lower strata of his knowledge of this world, to witness of some other one, and justified Darrell in commending a boy like Lionel Haughton to the Colonel's friendly care and admonitory counsels. The Colonel, like other men, had his weakness, if weakness it *can* be called: he believed that the House of Vipont was not merely the Corinthian capital, but the embattled keep—not merely the *dulce decus*, but the *præsidium columenque rerum* of the British monarchy. He did not boast of his connection with the House; he did not provoke your spleen by enlarging on its manifold virtues; he would often have his harmless jest against its members or even against its pretensions, but such seeming evidences of forbearance or candor were cunning devices to mitigate envy. His devotion to the House was not obtrusive, it was profound. He loved the House of Vipont for the sake of England, he loved England for the sake of the House of Vipont. Had it been possible, by some tremendous reversal of the ordinary laws of nature, to dissociate the cause of England from the cause of the House of Vipont, the Colonel would have said, "Save at least the Ark of the Constitution! and rally round the old House!"

The Colonel had none of Guy Darrell's infirmity of family pride; he cared not a rush for mere pedigrees—much too liberal and enlightened for such obsolete prejudices. No! He knew the world too well not to be quite aware that old family and long pedigrees are of no use to a man if he has not some money or some merit. But it was of use to a man to be a cousin of the House of Vipont, though without any money, without any merit at all. It was of use to be part and parcel of a British institution; it was of use to have a legitimate indefeasible right to share in the administration and patronage of an empire, on which (to use a novel illustration) "the sun never sets." You might want nothing for yourself—the Colonel and the Marquis equally wanted nothing for themselves; but man is not to be a selfish egotist! Man has cousins—his cousins may want something. Demosthenes denounces, in words that inflame every manly breast, the ancient Greek who does not love his POLIS or State, even though he take nothing from it but barren honor, and contribute toward it—a great many disagreeable taxes. As the POLIS to the Greek, was the House of Vipont to Alban Vipont Morley. It was the most beautiful touching affection imaginable! Whenever the House was in difficulties—whenever it was threatened by a CRISIS—the Colonel was by its side, sparing no pains, neglecting no means, to get the Ark of the Constitution back into smooth water. That duty done, he retired again into private life, and scorned all other reward than the still whisper of applauding conscience.

"Yes," said Alban Morley, whose voice, though low and subdued in tone, was extremely distinct, with a perfect ennunciation, "Yes, it is quite true, my nephew has taken orders—his defect in speech, if not quite removed, has ceased to be any obstacle, even to eloquence; an occasional stammer may be effective—it increases interest, and when the right word comes, there is the charm of surprise in it. I do not doubt that George will be a very distinguished clergyman."

Mr. Carr Vipont. "We want one—the House wants a very distinguished clergyman; we have none at this moment—not a bishop—not even a dean; all mere parish parsons, and among them not one we could push. Very odd, with more than forty livings too. But the Viponts seldom take to the Church kindly—George must be pushed. The more I think of it, the more we want a bishop: a bishop would be useful in the present CRISIS. (Looking round the rooms proudly, and softening his voice.) A numerous gathering, Morley! This demonstration will strike terror in Downing Street—eh! The old House stands firm—never was a family so united; all here, I think—that is, all worth naming—all, except Sir James, whom Montfort chooses to dislike, and George—and George comes to-morrow."

Colonel Morley. "You forget the most eminent of all our connections—the one who could indeed strike terror into Downing Street, were his voice to be heard again!"

Carr Vipont. "Whom do you mean? Ah, I know!—Guy Darrell. His wife was a Vipont—and he is not here. But he has long since ceased to communicate with any of us—the only connection that ever fell away from the house of Vipont—especially in a CRISIS like the present. Singular man! For all the use he is to us he might as well be dead! But he has a fine fortune—what will he do with it?"

The Duchess. "My dear lady Montfort, you have hurt yourself with that paper-cutter."

Lady Montfort. "No, indeed. Hush! we are disturbing Mr. Carr Vipont."

The Duchess, in awe of Carr Vipont, sinks her voice, and gabbles on—whisperously.

Carr Vipont (resuming the subject). "A very fine fortune—what will he do with it?"

Colonel Morley. "I don't know, but I had a letter from him some months ago."

Carr Vipont. "You had—and never told me!"

Colonel Morley. "Of no importance to you, my dear Carr. His letter merely introduced to me a charming young fellow—a kinsman of his own (no Vipont)—Lionel Haughton, son of poor Charlie Haughton, whom you may remember."

Carr Vipont. "Yes, a handsome scamp—went to the dogs. So Darrell takes up Charlie's son—what! as his heir?"

Colonel Morley. "In his letter to me he anticipated that question in the negative."

Carr Vipont. "Has Darrell any nearer kinsmen?"

Colonel Morley. "Not that I know of."

Carr Vipont. "Perhaps he will select one of his wife's family for his heir—a Vipont; I should not wonder."

Colonel Morley (dryly). "I should. But why may not Darrell marry again? I always thought he would—I think so still."

Carr Vipont (glancing toward his own daughter Honoria). "Well, a wife well-chosen might restore him to society, and to us. Pity, indeed, that so great an intellect should be suspended—a voice so eloquent hushed. You are right; in this CRISIS, Guy Darrell once more in the House of Commons, we should have all we require—an orator, a debater! Very odd, but at this moment we have no speakers—WE, the Viponts!"

Colonel Morley. "Yourself?"

Carr Vipont. "You are too kind. I can speak on occasions; but regularly, no. Too much drudgery—not young enough to take to it now. So you think Darrell will marry again? A remarkably fine-looking fellow when I last saw him: not old yet; I dare say, well-preserved. I wish I had thought of asking him here—Montfort!" (Lord Montfort, with one or two male friends, was passing by toward a billiard-room, opening through a side-door from the regular suite)—"Montfort! only think, we forgot to invite Guy Darrell. Is it too late before our party breaks up?"

Lord Montfort (sullenly). "I don't choose Guy Darrell to be invited to my house."

Carr Vipont was literally stunned by a reply so contumacious. Lord Montfort demur at what Carr Vipont suggested! He could not believe his senses.

"Not choose, my dear Montfort! you are joking. A monstrous clever fellow, Guy Darrell, and at this CRISIS—"

"I hate clever fellows—no such bores!" said Lord Montfort, breaking from the caressing clasp of Carr Vipont, and stalking away.

"Spare your regrets, my dear Carr," said Colonel Morley. "Darrell is not in England—I rather believe he is in Verona." Therewith the Colonel sauntered toward the group gathered round the piano. A little time afterward Lady Montfort escaped from the Duchess, and, mingling courteously with her livelier guests, found herself close to Colonel Morley. "Will you give me my revenge at chess?" she asked, with her rare smile. The Colonel was charmed. As they sat down and ranged their men, Lady Montfort remarked, carelessly—

"I overheard you say you had lately received a letter from Mr. Darrell. Does he write as if well—cheerful? You remember that I was much with his daughter, much in his house, when I was a child. He was ever most kind to me." Lady Montfort's voice here faltered.

"He writes with no reference to himself, his health or his spirits. But his young kinsman described him to me as in good health—wonderfully young-looking for his years. But cheerful—no! Darrell and I entered the world together; we were friends as much as a man so busy and so eminent as he could be friends with a man like myself—indolent by habit, and obscure out of Mayfair. I know his nature; we both know something of his family sorrows. He can not be happy! Impossible!—alone—childless—secluded. Poor Darrell, abroad now; in Verona, too!—the dullest place! in mourning still for Romeo and Juliet!—'Tis your turn to move. In his letter Darrell talked of going on to Greece, Asia—penetrating into the depths of Africa—the wildest schemes! Dear County Guy, as we called him at Eton!—what a career his might have been! Don't let us talk of him, it makes me mournful. Like Goethe, I avoid painful subjects upon principle."

Lady Montfort. "No—we will not talk of him. No—I take the Queen's pawn. No, we will not talk of him!—no!"

The game proceeded; the Colonel was within three moves of checkmating his adversary. Forgetting the resolution come to, he said, as she paused, and seemed despondently meditating a hopeless defense—

"Pray, my fair cousin, what makes Montfort dislike my old friend Darrell?"

"Dislike! Does he? I don't know. Vanquished again, Colonel Morley!" She rose; and, as he restored the chessmen to their box, she leaned thoughtfully over the table.

"This young kinsman—will he not be a comfort to Mr. Darrell?"

"He would be a comfort and a pride to a father; but to Darrell, so distant a kinsman—comfort!—why and how? Darrell will provide for him, that is all. A very gentlemanlike young man—gone to Paris by my advice—wants polish and knowledge of life. When he comes back he must enter society; I have put his name up at White's; may I introduce him to you?"

Lady Montfort hesitated, and, after a pause, said, almost rudely, "No."

She left the Colonel, slightly shrugging his shoulders, and passed into the billiard-room with a quick step. Some ladies were already there, looking at the players. Lord Montfort was chalking his cue. Lady Montfort walked straight up to him; her color was heightened; her lip was quivering; she placed her hand on his shoulder with a wifelike boldness. It seemed as if she had come there to seek him from an impulse of affection. She asked with a hurried fluttering kindness of voice, "If he had been successful?" and called him by his Christian name. Lord Montfort's countenance, before merely apathetic, now assumed an expression of extreme distaste. "Come to teach me to make a cannon, I suppose!" he said, mutteringly, and turning from her, contemplated the balls and missed the cannon.

"Rather in my way, Lady Montfort," said he then, and retiring to a corner, said no more.

Lady Montfort's countenance became still more flushed. She lingered a moment, returned to the drawing-room, and for the rest of the evening was uncommonly animated, gracious, fascinating. As she retired with her lady guests for the night, she looked round, saw Colonel Morley, and held out her hand to him. "Your nephew comes here to-morrow," said she, "my old playfellow; impossible quite to forget old friends—good-night."

Miscellany.

READING.

A taste for reading is not only important, but necessary, to all intellectual beings. It is impossible to overestimate its advantages. The question is not what it can do, but what is there it can not do? It is the key which opens every door in the temple of learning. It is an armor of defense against the atrophy of ignorance and the vanity of superficial knowledge. It is a treasury secure from degradation, and a refuge free from interruption.

The great men of all ages have been great readers. Pliny employed a person to be always reading to him as he rode from place to place in his sedan. He made extracts from the commonest of books; "for," said he, "there is no book so poor as not to afford something valuable." Cicero read with a pen in his hand for the purpose of making comments. It is unnecessary to enumerate instances of this kind, for they form an integral part of the life of every celebrity.

Books have been prized by the wisest and best of mankind ever since they were known. But then there are bad books as well as good books, and the choice of books is as important as a taste for reading. The materials for miscellaneous reading are so multifarious, that it is difficult to show how to select, or where to fix a limit. May we not say with Lord Bacon, "There seemeth to be a superfluity of books. But shall no more be made? Yea! make more *good books*, which, like the rod of Moses, may devour the serpents of the enchanters."

In our books, we should select both those which furnish facts and fancies, sanctified by religion and purified by morality. Facts in history, and the philosophy founded on those facts; facts in political economy, and the science built on those facts; facts in natural philosophy, and the science defined from those facts; facts in philology, and the history and diversities of language; facts in astronomy and geology—facts not clipped or modified—not shorn of their original proportions—but freely admitted as such. But do not confine study only to hard facts.

Do not be afraid of fancy. Do not imagine that an eternal separation exists between the beautiful and the true; that all that is graceful and lovely, touching and affecting in the literature of our language—or of other languages—is in any degree less worth the having than stern truth. Do not join the cry against poets, and novelists, and dramatists. Do not imagine (one of the greatest of fictions!) that these are merely to be regarded as playthings, just to pass a little leisure time. A fiction may do us far more good than a fact. Therefore these things should never be shut out. It is quite true that fiction has produced much that is unmistakable rubbish—that is worth absolutely nothing but its weight as paper; but fiction does not stand alone in this. How very many books on dry, hard topics are absolutely rubbish also—law, physic, and divinity; no more worth the reading than the shallowest fiction that ever figured in prose or verse!

MOTHERS.

The woman who should be most honored, most loved in this world, is she who brings up a dozen children loving one another thoroughly. She may not be great-minded, she may be a little inclined to scandal, only let her so manage with her children that they shall unostentatiously love one another, and it may be truly said to her, "Thou hast not lived in vain."

NOTHING TO DO.

Men or women with no business, nothing to do, are absolute pests to society. They are thieves, stealing that which is not theirs; beggars, eating that which they have not earned; drones, wasting the fruits of others' industry; leeches, sucking the blood of others; evil-doers, setting an example of idleness and dishonest living; vampires, eating out the life of the community.

Many of our most interesting youth waste a great portion of their early life in fruitless endeavors at nothing. They have no trade, no profession, no object before them, nothing to do; and yet have a great desire to do something, and something worthy of themselves. They try this and that, and the other; offer themselves to do any thing and every thing, and yet know how to do nothing. Educate themselves they can not, for they know not what they should do it for. They waste their time, energies, and little earnings in endless changes and wanderings. They have not the stimulus of a fixed object to fasten their attention and awaken their energies; not a known prize to win. They wish for good things, but have no way to attain them; desire to be useful, but little means for being so. They lay plans, invent schemes, form theories, build castles, but never stop to execute and realize them. Poor creatures! All that ails them is the want of an object—a *single object*. They look at a hundred, and see nothing. If they should look steadily at one, they would see it distinctly. They grasp at random at a hundred things and catch nothing. It is like shooting among a scattered flock of pigeons—the chances are doubtful. This will never do—no, never. Success, respectability, and happiness are found in a permanent business. An early choice of some business, devotion to it, and preparation for it, should be made by every youth.

THE VISIBLE WORLD.

So instructive is the affinity of the emotions and affections with the beauty of the visible world, that a combination between them takes place even when this beauty presents itself under conditions of extreme disadvantage. Take an instance—railways careering as they do over chimney pots of great towns, give us an insight into the attic life of such places, and we see what are its discomforts, and what may be its embellishments too. On the window-sill of a topmost paper-patched casement there are flowers-pots—two or three, with bright geraniums; there is also a choice balsam, just now in magnificent bloom. But look at the Spitalfields proprietor of these floral treasures! To tend them is his first care in the foggy morning. Squalid, indeed, in aspect is this amateur; and as to his breakfast, which must be shared with a craving family, it falls short of sufficiency for seven. Nevertheless, half-starved as he is—worn with eighteen or twenty hours' labor, and his haggard, heart-sick Eve by his side, and his ill-conditioned progeny about him, with annoyances accumulated, and almost all things convenient absent, yet, this man is *man*, and therefore beautiful nature and he shall not be sundered. Man will cling to a memento of his paradise; nor shall any ordinary sufferings wean him from the thought of this his primeval felicity; and so it is that if this grudging world, with its boundless superfluities, can spare him nothing more, he will yet make himself as happy as a lord, with a single flower-pot, and a balsam in bloom.—"*The World of Mind*," *by Isaac Taylor*.

RIDICULE.

The quality of turning men into ridicule, and exposing those we converse with, is the qualification of little, ungenerous tempers. The greatest blemishes are often found in the most shining characters; but what an absurd thing it is to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention upon his infirmities—to discern his imperfections more than his virtues!

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

Lord Bacon, or Lord Bacon's index-maker, uttered the aphorism, *Knowledge is power*. The remark was as old as Solomon (for he had said, "Wisdom is strength"), and perhaps a great deal older; but the truth it taught was valuable, and truth being no man's indefeasible possession, it belonged neither to Solomon, nor to Bacon, nor the index-maker, but to every body. Who discovered it first is of no particular importance.

That knowledge is power, does not of course stand good in every case; the aphorism is of general application. Thus a man knows letters, and he has power to become the intimate associate, the friend and companion of all the great men whose writings are preserved in the language he understands. Every new acquisition of a foreign tongue gives him an introduction to those foreign worthies whose books are untranslated, and makes him grow more intimate with those who have been "done" into his native tongue. Again, a knowledge of the elements of nature, their properties, and characteristics, and their action on each other, gives him the ability to employ them in his service—to harness these four ancient coursers, fire, water, earth, and air, to the car of his inventive genius.

Knowledge is power in another sense—with the money-maker, to wit. He whose speculations are the result of careful thought and well-digested information is scarcely to be considered a speculator after all. A neophyte on 'Change, with the learning of all the schools in his head but that of the school of life, would be at the mercy of the jobbers. A knowledge of the world, in men and things, is the grand secret of success in commercial enterprise. Such knowledge is power—the power of accumulating wealth and building up a fortune.

In any way you please the aphorism is true—true of the engineer building his battery, of the statesman in his political schemes, of the speculator in his dashing enterprise, of the murderer compounding his subtle poison, of the analytical chemist outwitting the poisoner—of all, every where.

FATAL EFFECT OF SOUND.

Great sounds, or violent concussions of the air, such as those produced by large cannon or loud thunder, produce ordinarily most astounding, and, in some instances, overwhelming effects on men and animals. Brewster relates, that when peace was proclaimed in London in 1697, two troops of horse were dismounted and drawn up in line, in order to fire their volleys. Opposite the centre of the line was the door of a butcher's shop, where there was a mastiff dog of great courage. This dog was sleeping by the fire; but when the first volley was fired, it immediately started up, ran into another room, and hid itself below the bed. On the firing of the second volley the dog rose, ran several times about the room trembling violently, and apparently in great agony. When the third volley was fired, the dog ran about once or twice with great violence, and instantly fell down dead, throwing up blood from its mouth and nose.

FACES.

There is a great deal in a face; all the interest of life depends on face. It is a difficult thing to imagine what we should do without faces; we have no sympathy for living things which have not face: there is not one man in a thousand, save and except butchers, who could stick a knife into the throat of a lamb, it has such a pretty innocent face; but oysters are slaughtered remorselessly, wrenched out of their shells without the slightest compunction: they have no faces, though they have beards; they shed no tears; they utter no cry; they exhibit no mournful countenance—and therefore they are not pitied. What a parcel of hypocrisy is all our pity for negroes, all our pretense to humanity, and all our anti-cruelty crotchets—it is nothing more than sympathy with face. When Shakspeare talks of the big drops coursing each other down the stag's face, our pity is excited almost to tears; and if eels had such faces as mermaids, there is not a fish-wife at Billingsgate who would dare to skin one; but these poor vermicular fishes are so much alike at both ends, that nobody pities them. What a pathos does Mark Antony throw into his address to the body of the murdered Cæsar, when he says,

> "Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
> Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips!"

Here is a metaphor of face, bringing to the hearer the expression of the countenance of one wounded even to death. It was from feeling, recognized or not, of the universal sympathy with face, that led Shakspeare to the adoption of this metaphor, and it tells well. Ovid's bleeding trees excite very little more sympathy than skinned eels—certainly not more than a squeaking lobster—they want face. Garrick was the man to show the world what could be done with face; he was one of the few who ought to act without a mask.

COCKROACHES ON BOARD SHIP.

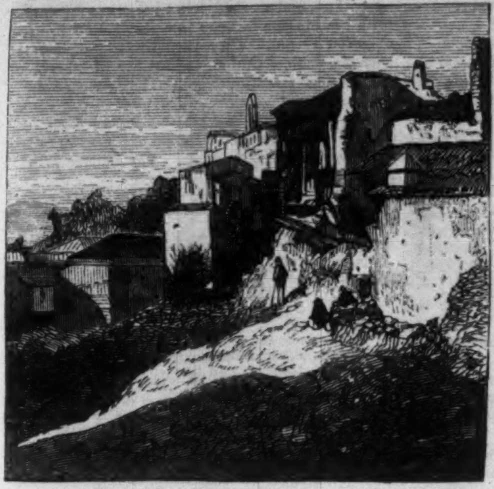
The Red Sea is hotter than the Isthmus, and the steamers are renowned for cockroaches, animals—according to some young ladies who have written a book upon India—not very efficacious in the promotion of domestic bliss: "The transparent character of the cabin partitions allows interesting scraps of conversations sometimes to be overheard; for instance, in a lady's voice, 'George, I'm certain I heard something crawling.' No response, George being in the land of Nod. 'George,' louder, 'are you asleep? There's a cockroach. Oh, dear George, do get up and kill it!' Some sleepy toned remonstrance implies he'd rather not. 'George, I'll never love you any more if you don't instantly look for that cockroach.' And, on no response being made to this terrific threat, a sound of weeping and lamentation ensues of ever having left her dear mamma and her home for an unfeeling wretch who doesn't care if she is happy or miserable."

BE GENTLE.

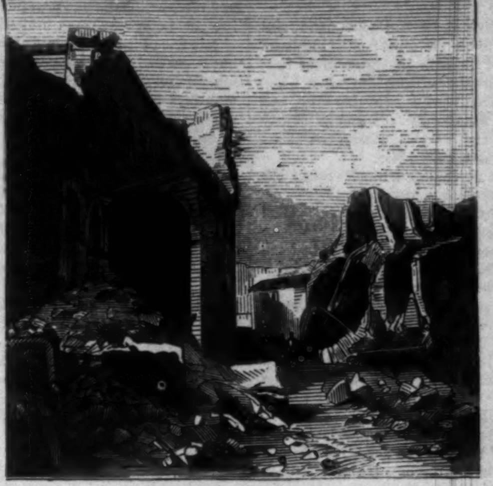
Be ever gentle with the children God has given you; watch over them constantly; reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. In the forcible language of the Scripture, "Be not bitter against them." "Yes, they are good boys," I once heard a kind father say; "I talk to them very much, but do not like to beat my children—the world will beat them." It was a beautiful thought, though not elegantly expressed. Yes, there is not one child in the circle round the table, healthful and happy as they look now, on whose head, if long enough spared, the storm will not beat. Adversity may wither them, sickness may fade, a cold world may frown on them, but amidst all let memory carry them back to a home where the law of kindness reigned, where the mother's reproving eye was moistened with a tear, and the father frowned "more in sorrow than in anger."

LYING.

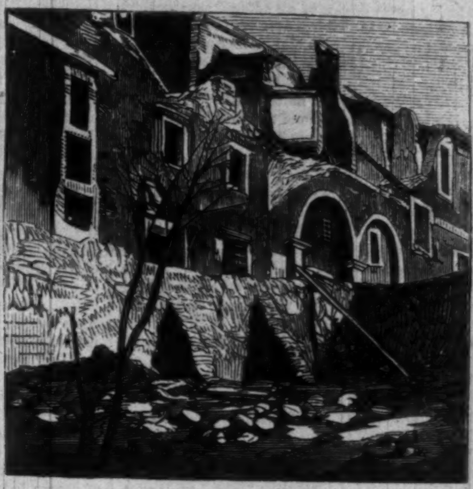
"It is more from carelessness about truth," said Johnson, "than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world."



EAST PORTION OF VIGUELA.



RUINS OF TITO.



MONASTERY OF ST. FRANCIS.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT NAPLES.

THE nine illustrations which accompany this article were forwarded to the *Illustrated London News* in the shape of photographs; they may, therefore, be assumed to be correct representations of the terrible ravages which have been committed by the late earthquakes in the kingdom of Naples.

No such earthquake, or rather series of earthquakes, has been known in Europe within the last thousand years; nor, perhaps, has any ever occurred which occasioned so terrible a loss of human life. Our Central American earthquakes—such as the one which destroyed the city of San Salvador four years ago—were terrible, certainly. But when one realizes that between thirty and forty thousand human beings perished in the Naples earthquake, our American catastrophes sink into insignificance. We have no record of the amount of life sacrificed by the earthquakes of ancient times; but since history has begun to be carefully written no similar convulsion is recorded which has caused so frightful a sacrifice of human life.

In several towns, it is said—such as Montemurro and Saponaro—every living being perished; in others, only a few haggard, penniless creatures escaped. In some places not only did the houses and walls crumble to pieces, crushing every one who was exposed, but the earth gaped, and those who escaped the crash of falling masonry were ingulfed, and perished miserably when the yawning cleft was closed by the force which opened it.

The usual physical operation of an earthquake is best described by the word "earth-wave." The earth undulates; a wave, like a wave of the sea, passes over it, alternately raising and depressing the surface. The rate at which this wave travels has been estimated, on scientifically ascertained phenomena, at 1000 miles an hour. But the wave is but one of the phenomena of earthquakes. The sudden openings and rents in the soil, the convulsive shocks, the periodical tremblings—none of these can be distinctly referred to the wave-like motion. During the late earthquake in the kingdom of Naples, persons who had escaped from the first terrible shock were overwhelmed by a second convulsion in the act of gathering up their property from the ruins.

In Central America, and those parts of South America which are exposed to earthquakes, the houses are built with a view to withstand such freaks of Nature. They are all one story high. The walls, which are very far apart, are wonderfully thick, in many cases four to six feet at the base, and gradually narrowing toward the roof. There are no narrow streets; wide squares abound. When the people of Guatemala or San Salvador note premonitory symptoms of a *terra moto* they rush into the "Gran Plaza" of their town, and camp there (the climate fortunately permitting such open air life) until the convulsion has spent its force. Cathedrals and other public buildings are usually thrown down, but private dwellings seldom suffer much. In Italy, it seems, the infrequency of fatal earthquakes has not suggested the adoption of similar precautions; most of the buildings and towns which suffered by the late earthquake needed but a slight shock to overthrow them and bury their tenants in the ruins.

Of course, in the country of St. January, it was to be expected that the agency of the saints would be conspicuous in the recent disaster. The Jesuits have "improved" the earthquake to the fullest extent. Under the ruins of the monastery of St. Francis, which are illustrated above, a girl was found. She had been twenty-one days under ground, with no end of tons of earth and stones upon her. She was, however—so the priests tell us—well, hearty, and lively when she was dug out. In reply to an inquiry as to how she had subsisted during her three weeks' subterranean sojourn, she replied that a lady in black had appeared unto her and fed her on bread and water. The profane critic may cavil at the diet, and wonder why the saint did not treat the poor girl to something better, as evidently canvas-back duck and *Lacrima Christi* could have been had at the price, the whole operation being supernatural; but in such matters profane cavilers must be frowned down. St. January has figured on two or three occasions. Very fat and rosy monks have appeared and confessed that they had been ten or twelve days under ground, with the ruins of a cathedral resting on the small of their back, and a chapel or two on the nape of their neck; but, thanks to St. January! they rather enjoyed the excitement, and were none the worse. Pious persons have acknowledged the miracle by contributions in honor of the saint, which obviously could not be placed in better hands than in those of the persons in whose favor he so miraculously interposed.

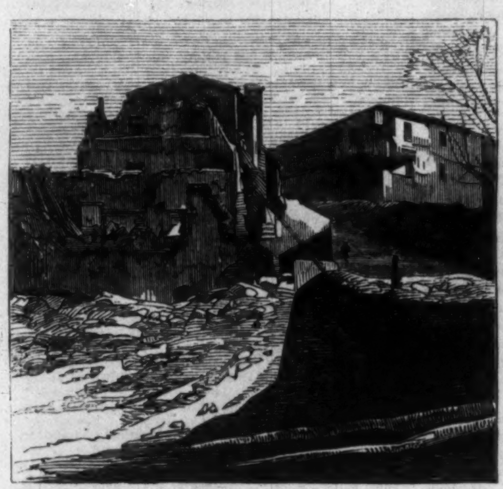
WATCHING THE CLOCK.

A YORKSHIRE TRICK.

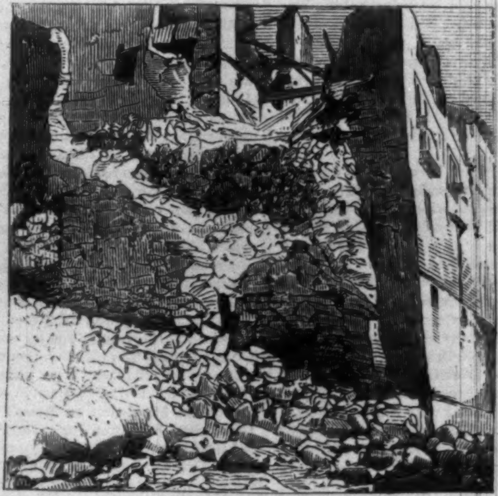
ABOUT ten years ago the grand national and provincial steeple-chases took place at York, and three very gentleman-like and well-dressed strangers came as far as Little Studdington, and put up at my father's house, "The Angler's Rest." They went into town, and returned from it every day in our four-wheel during the week; and when the races were over, they were so enamored of the snug little house and its capital accommodation, that they remained with us a fortnight, eating and drinking of the best, and always delighted to see the old gentleman at their dinner-table. I think I can see my respected parent now, as he was wont to sit upon the extreme edge of his well-polished chair, in rapt astonishment at their fashionable conversation. If they happened to mention an absent friend under the rank of a baronet, it was in a sort of apologetic tone—their connections being so exclusively aristocratic. Good society was my poor father's weakness; and never having been familiar with the turf himself, his sense of the excellences of our nobility was quite overwhelming. The three friends were wont to play at cards after dinner for pretty large sums; and the game which seemed best to suit their elegant but eccentric taste was that of triangular cribbage. My father was a capital hand at this, and easily perceived that they were but indifferent performers; but they never dreamed of asking him to cut in, although one or other of them would often request his advice at an important crisis.

Cautious indeed as the governor naturally was, it must be confessed that his fingers itched to hold a hand against these folks who, as often as not, neglected to peg "one for his heels," or "two for his nob," but his respect for their exalted condition always deterred him from expressing his wishes. Often and often did my poor father lament, after his misfortune, that he never had had a chance with the cards; but my belief is, that had he ventured upon such a thing, these unskillful gentry would have very rapidly improved in their play, and would have won his shirt off his back if they had played long enough.

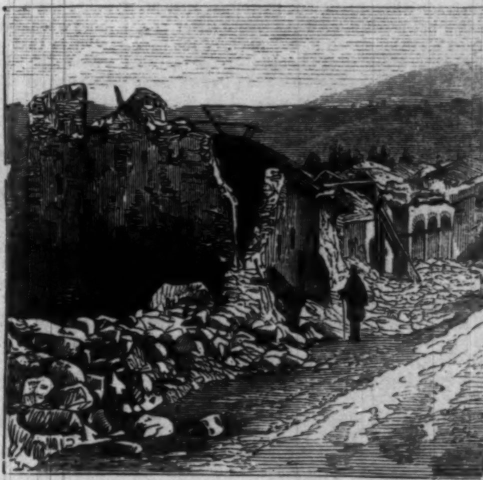
One afternoon, when they had dined as usual, early, and before the cards were produced, their conversation turned upon wagers: how Lord Click-clack had won ten thousand pounds by being dumb for a day; how the Duke of Oxfordshire had backed himself to walk from Pall-mall to Bond Street



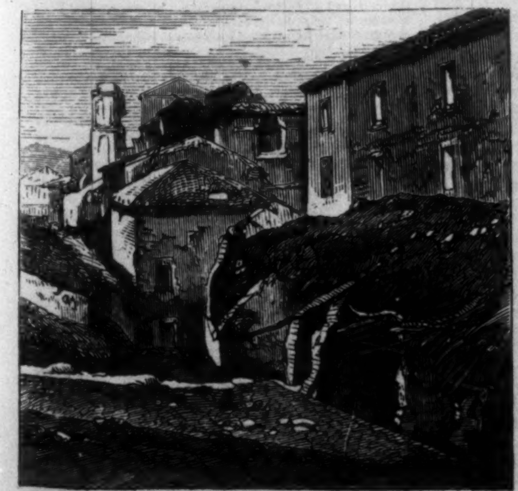
CATHEDRAL AT AULETTA.



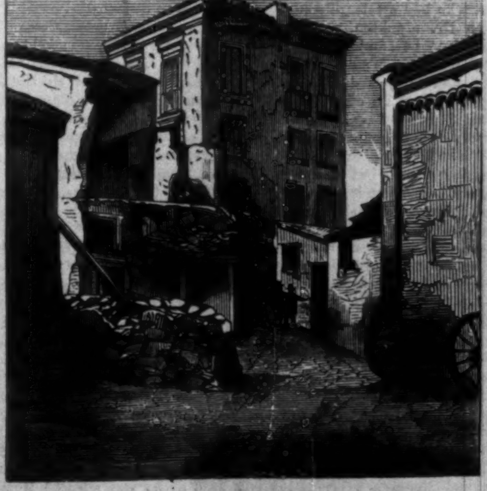
CEMETERY OF AULETTA.



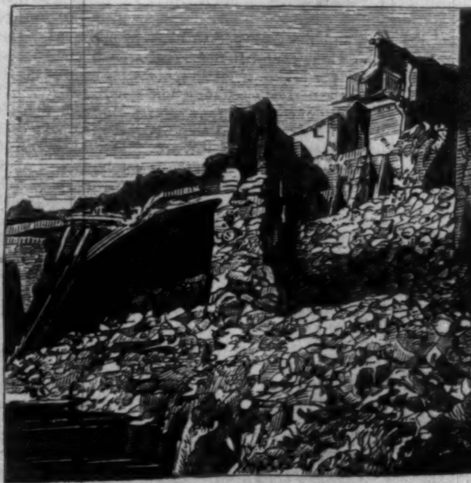
ENTRANCE TO AULETTA.



RUINS AT ATENA.



RUINS AT POTENZA.



STREET IN PADULA.

on a levee morning without opening his eyes; and of the ingenious device of his antagonist, the Marquis of Luxall, in driving over him in a Hansom cab until he did so; with many other anecdotes of the aristocracy not included in the collection of Mr. Burke.

"This sort of thing is much harder than it appears to be," observed one of the three gentlemen. "Now I will lay ten pounds that no man keeps himself in one position and counts the ticks of that great clock, for instance, for a whole hour."

"How do you mean?" exclaimed my father, greatly interested.

"Why, that no man can sit in a chair—your chair, for instance—facing the clock, and wag his head from right to left as Old Time with the scythe yonder is wagging, for the space of an hour, and never say any words but 'Here she comes, and there she goes,' as the clock says."

"You bet ten pounds that I don't do *that?*" cried the governor.

"Not with you," replied the other, coolly; "I don't want to win *your* money, my good man. I will bet either of my two friends that *they* do not do it."

"Nay," said one of them, "'tis easy enough; but I would not bother myself with such a thing for twice the money. I don't see," added he, "why you should not give our good Boniface a chance, either."

"Do, pray do!" cried my father, who was perhaps the most stolid man in the world, and could have sat six hours doing any thing he was told to do without any inconvenience. "I'll bet you."

So, rather against his will, as it seemed, he who had proposed the conditions agreed to make the wager.

My father was then placed in his chair immediately opposite the clock; the stakes on either side were placed upon the table within his view; he was warned that every means would be resorted to short of laying hands upon him to induce him to look away, or say any thing besides the words agreed upon; and as the clock struck four the old gentleman's head had begun to wag. "Here she comes, and there she goes," and "Here she comes, and there she goes," very slowly and solemnly, keeping time with the pendulum.

"He'll lose," cried one of the gentlemen.

"Certain to lose," replied another, laughing. "Hallo, old chap, there goes your window-pane!"

There was a crash of breaking glass, that made the governor wince again, but he did not alter his position a hairbreadth, or desist one quarter of a tick from his monotonous task. Some of the particular china which then ornamented our oaken shelves next came down with a run; but its owner's face only turned a little pale, as he thought what step-mother would say about it. "Here she comes, and there she goes," was all it drew from him.

His antagonist seemed now to have given up the destructive plan as a failure.

"I say, Boniface," cried he, "I am going to put the stakes in my pocket—I am;" and suiting the action to the word, he swept off the two ten-pound notes into his waistcoat before the governor's own eyes.

A shadow of anxiety flitted for an instant across my parent's brow, but "Here she comes, and there she goes," was all that torture itself would at that time have wrung from him. Ten minutes of the terrible ordeal had already passed."

"Boniface," observed the sporting gentleman with feeling, "we must now part. My friends and myself have passed a pleasant time at Little Studdington, but our visit is now at an end. One of us has just gone out to order the four-wheel; and by rapid driving, we shall just catch the express train to London. In anticipation of this position of affairs, our little articles are already packed and ready to be placed under the seat. Receive, my dear Sir, the assurances of our consideration. I wish that we had any thing else to offer you in return for your very genial hospitality; this ten-pound note of yours will remind us, be assured, of your kindness, until the day when it shall be spent. I would that the terms of our little wager permitted us to shake you by the hand. Unlucky it is, too, that we start from the back-door, so that you will be unable, of course, to see the very last of us. In forty minutes about you will be released from this irksome task, and we ourselves shall be at York, Boniface. Heaven bless you! What! not a word at parting?"

"Here she comes, and there she goes," cried the governor, stoutly, but suffused with a cold perspiration.

"Yes, here she comes," repeated the sporting gentleman derisively, as the sound of wheels made itself to be distinctly heard from the back; "and there she will go in about a minute: she is a fast mare."

He closed the door, and the governor was left alone with the broken window, and the smashed china, and the infernal pendulum, repeating his prescribed formula with the utmost constancy, but with an anxious expression of countenance.

To him presently entered my maternal step-parent, who is of a suspicious temperament. "Whatever have you been about, John, to let them chaps go away without any one to drive Polly, and at such a pace as— Goodness gracious, the china! What *has* happened? Rachel, Betty, Dick!" screamed she, "what has come to your poor father? Do but look at him! Speak to us, John!"

"Here she comes, and there she goes," murmured the governor, sadly, and swaying himself slowly from side to side like a mandarin.

I shall never forget the scene as long as I live: I laughed until I could stand up no longer, and then I lay down on the floor and laughed there. The indignation that was thrown into the old gentleman's tones as he pursued his terrible task only made the matter ten times more ridiculous.

"He is mad, stark staring mad!" cried my step-mother, as she laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Here she comes, and there she goes," exclaimed my father irascibly, as with one well-directed blow of his elbow he tumbled the old lady upon the floor.

Then I really thought he had gone mad, and went to get a rope to tie his arms; only the foam flew from his lips—he was in that passion of rage—that I did not dare come near him when I had got it. We sent for the policeman, therefore, and of course we sent for the doctor; and presently they both arrived, and were as astonished as we were to see what was taking place.

"When did this fit come on him?" asked the medical man, as the clock struck five.

"Here she comes, and there she goes," yelled the governor, starting up from his chair. "Where are those three thieves? They have robbed me of ten pounds, and board, and horse-hire, and lodging for fifteen days and a half." (He had been calculating all this, poor fellow! in case they should have really gone away, while he was repeating his foolish sentences.) "Ride after them—ride!"

Alas! we did ride, but we never came up with them. They had left our Polly at the station in the four-wheel, but they were off nobody knows where. We found out only, long afterward, that our visitors were three of the London swell-mob, who had been warned out of York by the detectives during the race week, to which circumstance we had been of course indebted for their patronage. My poor father never held up his head again: the jockey-boys were always wagging theirs whenever they saw him, and crying out: "Here she comes, and there she goes," until he was driven into his grave.

It is a sad story from beginning to end; but now that I have fairly published it, I feel that there is something off my mind. There will be no need for futile attempts upon my part to conceal this disgrace to my family any more. And perhaps, after all, one of the reasons why I am so "up to the time of day" myself—as we say in Yorkshire—is because of the warning that was afforded to me in my poor father's watching the clock.

A RESURRECTIONIST STORY.

Dr. Monkton was a physician; and was so far advanced in fortune and reputation as to be able to retire for four months every year into the country, and leave his practice and his patients to be ready for his return. There was a very romantic story attached to him, which, looking at his red face and considering his precise, old bachelor habits, one would not have suspected. But there was something when one knew him better, which seemed to intimate that he might have gone through trying scenes and hours. It might be fancy, however, for he never said one word on the subject, and, intimate as I have been with him, I never dared inquire how much of the things reported was true and how much false.

The tale was this: When he was quite a young man, and only beginning to make some little progress and money in his profession, it was said that the strange chance had happened to him to revive the apparently dead body of a subject brought to him, he knew not whence, for dissection. Whether this part of the story was really true, or had been adopted to account for subsequent circumstances, I can not tell. Certain it is, that the knowledge and belief of the story grew up with me, and it was very long before I thought of doubting it. What further is certain, is, that all the few friends he had at that time remembered a most beautiful woman who lived with him, and whom he declared to be his wife, but few believed her to be so. A profound mystery hung over her, none ever hearing of father or mother, or former friend of any kind. It was not many, indeed, who had the opportunity of inquiring, for not above two or three persons were ever admitted intimately to their house. The name by which he called her was Umbra. Whether it was a fictitious name or a real one he would not say. The report which these persons made of her was, that she was exquisitely lovely; but as far as intercourse went, little better than some warm marble to which Dr. Monkton had given a dose of the elixir of life. The story goes, that, like those Athenians who recovered from the plague, all trace of her former existence had been erased from her memory by the illness which had consigned her to the grave, and that she retained neither any recollection of past events, nor, except the use of language, any trace of what knowledge she might formerly have acquired. However that might be, Monkton loved her better than every clever and learned creature of the earth, and during the years of their connection he gave his friends the idea of a man who has one sole interest forever present to his imagination.

It was about two years after it first became known that this beautiful shadow inhabited his house, that a merchant, who had a tolerably intimate acquaintance with Dr. Monkton, returned from abroad, and chanced to be admitted to the presence of his shadowy inmate. He seemed wonderfully struck by her, and afterward told Dr. Monkton that if he had not seen his own wife in the tomb he could not but have believed that she and this beautiful creature were the same. Monkton repelled the idea with an indignation for which there seemed to his friend no cause; but the cause, I suppose, was the frightful fear that it was true. She, however, was wholly unmoved at sight of the stranger, and this comforted Dr. Monkton a little, and prevented him from taking any steps for the absolute exclusion of Provost, for so was the young merchant named. Provost, for his part, desired nothing more than to come frequently to the house, and indulge the pleasure he felt in looking at the image of one whom he had lost in the height of love and youth; and at last, unlike any other of their acquaintance, came alone, and in the morning, and succeeded in getting admitted to the presence of the mistress of the house, even when the master was absent. Dr. Monkton learned this with some displeasure, and forbade the continuance of his visits. Umbra was willing, nay, seemed glad to concur in the prohibition, and Monkton informed his friend that the arrangements of his very small and secluded establishment prevented him from receiving guests, except when invited.

His friend thought him jealous, and acquiesced; but it excited rather than discouraged him, and he sought every occasion to elude the prohibition. A few days after it had been given, he made some pretext for calling in the evening, and succeeded in establishing himself in the little drawing-room. Here he endeavored to talk to the lovely shadow more than was the custom of Monkton's guests. It was necessary for him to bear the chief burden of the conversation, for he got few words from her, and almost fewer looks; and, in order to keep conversation alive, he told anecdotes and described scenes, to which she gave a mere passive attention.

"I was walking," said he, "with only one person along the edge of the cliff I have described to you. The sea was many hundred feet below us; the precipice went sheer down to its brink. On a sudden a great layer of the rock seemed to unjoint itself from the rest, and a rent yawned between the ledge we stood on and the main mass of the mountain. My companion sprang into my arms. I feel her now."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Umbra. "That is a dream. I know it is a dream. Don't speak; but is not it a dream?"

At Umbra's voice, at her most unusual manner, Dr. Monkton started up, and then ran to her, and received her in his arms.

"Oh, Monkton, I can not bear to hear any body else talk of that dream. It seems to become real again. His foot slipped just on the very edge!"

"O God! who told you that?" cried Provost, in the most vehement agitation.

She looked up, and full at him, when she heard these tones of his voice, screamed aloud, and shrank into Monkton's bosom, pressing her hands on her forehead. Provost was no less agitated. He would have seized her hands; but she turned away from him with such agony of fear that life seemed unable to support it, and, gathering herself closer into Monkton's bosom, she fainted like one dead.

He carried her from the room, and would suffer no one to hear the words of reviving consciousness from her lips. But from this moment he could no longer repress the idea that Umbra had been the wife of this man. Yet he did not allow it to separate her interest from his. The grave itself had given her to him. He had devoted all the affections of his soul to her. Any right to claim her by another he cast off as a weak pretense, which, if she should urge, would be mere proof that she loved another better than she did him. This was the idea that people said haunted him, and, in the fury of his jealousy and his love, he made it the sole question between himself and Umbra. She, in the mean time, with purer instincts, saw the same idea very differently. With her it was a wandering notion, which terrified her like some dreadful phantom. Her love for Monkton had absorbed every faculty that remained to her, and whatever interfered with it was terrible to her imagination. When a dark and doubtful sense of duty, then, came between her and him, it was repelled by all the efforts of her will. And yet at times it seemed to overshadow her in a shape which she was not able to drive away. She was frightened at herself when happiest in his presence, and he was vehement with her in proportion to his adoration and his jealousy.

Provost, in the mean time, became aware of the misery which had grown up in the house of his friend, and knew that he himself was the cause. The extreme beauty of Umbra, and her resemblance to his wife, moved him strongly to compassion and interest; and, firmly believing that she was not the wife of Monkton, he felt but little scruple, when he learned how she was now treated, in endeavoring to induce her voluntarily to quit her present home for his. A horrible wavering notion seems to have possessed her that Provost had a right to command her to do so. Then, again, she lost sight of it, and only a vague idea that she was to be cast off by Monkton darkened her imagination.

When Monkton learned from her own lips the struggle she was enduring, the last hold upon his passions gave way. They broke that hour over their boundaries, and spread their own ruin around them. In his madness he himself hurried her from the house, and led her to Provost's door. There he furiously rang, and, hearing some one running to open it, he started away like the wind, and, rushing into his own desolate house, locked himself in his room, and neither answered nor summoned the frightened servant who beheld his return.

It was a winter night of tempest, but there was no fire nor light in Monkton's room. He was not heard to stir from the moment he entered it; and the servant who watched a little while at his chamber-door, and once or twice knocked timidly, was fain to retire at last, and conceal her fears for her master in her still greater awe of him. Morning came, and she once more tried to obtain an answer; but all was silent within his room. After a few more moments, however, she had forgotten her awe of him, on beholding an object of yet greater terror. She screamed his name in a voice which prevailed over his passions. It made him spring up, unbolt the lock, and the door was thrust open as he did so by the trembling servant. She dragged him to the step of the entrance, and there lay the dead Umbra, frozen to death. No doubt she had followed him in his flight, and had not attempted to enter, since he had driven her away, and had sat down and died on the step. Monkton took her up in his arms, and for three days he never loosed the dead body, not though the dreadful taint of corruption spread over it. At the end of that time his brain reeled, and his strength wavered. His arms, in spite of himself, gave way to force; she was taken from him, and he sank into a stupor from which it was long before he recovered.

A short outbreak of remorse followed, and then he shut up her name in silence as profound as the grave which a second time held her. He made no confident; he gave no detail. One journey he took as soon as he was released from the restraint to which his temporary alienation of reason had reduced him, and at that time he was too much absorbed in his own feelings to care whether he was observed or not. They thought he intended to open the tomb of Umbra, and see her with his own eyes in the last resting-place. They watched him, but he did not go there. He went to the vault where the wife of Provost was recorded on the marble to lie, and caused the lid of the coffin to be lifted which bore her name. The lid was lifted, and the coffin was an empty one.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

The following is a copy of a barber's sign in Green Street, Albany:

CAPILLIARY ABRIDGER
AND
TONSORIAL OPERATOR.

"Don't you know that some people are always taking offense at something; construing every slight into an affront, every doubtful word into an insult? They are like one of my carriage-horses. He has a bad habit of shying. Sambo, the coachman, was driving them the other day, and the horse displaying his bad trick, the mistress in the carriage expressed her fears that the horse was unsafe. 'Don't be afeared, Missus,' says Sambo, 'there's no danger; this 'ere horse is always looking out for an *insult!*'"

"Have you any thing like cheese here?" shouted a wagoner, as he halted his team in front of Joe Baird's store. "Yes, Sir-ee!" shouted Joe, in reply; "we have some tallow, *very much like it!*"

Female Employment.—"We see that there is an agitation to employ women in the business of watchmaking, which is said to be beautifully adapted for the delicacy of their pretty little fingers. We highly approve of this employment of female hands; for there is probably not even a surly old bachelor who, having recovered from a long illness, would not be too happy to admit that women (Heaven bless them!) are at all times, but more especially in moments of sickness and danger, the very best *watchers* in the world!"—*The Hermit of the Haymarket.*

The Parentage of Joking.—It's a wise joke indeed that knows its own father.

Doctor Chapman, of Philadelphia, whose wit was equal to his medicine, having been invited by a friend, more eminent for a love of show than for real literary attainments, to examine his newly fitted-up library, was asked how he liked the taste displayed. He looked round upon the gorgeous crimson curtains, the rich mahogany cases, and dark maroon paper and carpets, and then, with his peculiar comical expression and nasal voice, replied, "*Every thing read* (red) *but the books.*"

A three-year-old boy of ours has a new pair of boots with *red* tops. A friend was teasing him, saying he would take them at night. "No!" says Ned; "I put 'em in the bed." "But I will take them out!" says the friend. "No, can't do it; I seep in the middle!"

Paddy in the Witness-Box.—A certain witness, in an action for assault and battery, mixed things up considerably in giving his account of the affair. After relating how Dennis came to him and struck him, he proceeded: "So, yer honor, I just hauled off and wiped his jaw. Just then his dog cum along, and I hit him again." "Hit the dog?" "No, yer honor; hit Dennis. And then I up wid a stun and throwed it at him, and it rolled him over and over." "Threw a stone at Dennis?" "At the dog, yer honor. And he got up and hit me again." "The dog?" "No, Dennis. And wid that he stuck his tail betwixt his legs and run off." "Dennis?" "No, the dog. And when he came back at me, he got me down and pounded me, yer honor." "The dog came back at you?" "No, Dennis, yer honor; and he isn't hurt any at all." "Who isn't hurt?" "The dog, yer honor."

A fellow was convicted of arson, the penalty of which crime was imprisonment for life. Upon being called up for sentence, he was asked by the Judge the usual question as to what he had to say why the sentence of the law should not be passed upon him. "Nothing, your honor," replied he, "but to ask for mercy." The Judge went on and passed sentence of imprisonment for life. The prisoner stood a moment in silence, then looking up at the Judge, significantly says, "*Well,* you've done *your* worst!" "What?" said the judge; "you rascal, open your head again and I'll *commit you for contempt!*" The idea of committing a man for contempt while under sentence for life *was* certainly original.

A lately arrived native of the Emerald Isle, who a few years since was in the employ of a friend of ours, had been for some time anxiously expecting a letter informing him of the arrival of his brother, who had announced his intention of joining him in this country. After several fruitless visits to the post-office, he returned home very late one night after the family had retired to rest; and on passing the door of our friend's bedroom, the latter inquired, "Well, William, any news yet?" "Ah, yes!" replied William; "*fursht-rate, bad news.* Me brother's comin till Amuriky—*but he's dead!*"

A gentleman traveling in the West stopped at the house of a pious old woman, and, observing her fondness for a pet dog, ventured to ask the name of the animal. The good woman answered by saying that she called him "Moreover." "Is not that a strange name?" inquired the gentleman. "Yes," said the old lady, "but I thought it must be a good one, as I found it in the Bible." "Found it in the Bible!" quoth the gentleman. "Pray, and in what part of the Bible did you find it?" The old lady took down her Bible with the utmost reverence, and turning to the text, read as follows: "*Moreover,* the dog came and licked his sores." "There!" said she, "wasn't the dog's name *Moreover?*"

Mr. Jenkins broke the lock of his gun, and sent it to a gunsmith, who imperfectly mended it, and charged one dollar, which was paid. Soon after, Jenkins used his gun, and on the first shot the lock broke in the same place; he sent the gun again to the smith with a request to do his work so that it would stand; the lock was again mended, and another charge of a dollar made. But Jenkins contended that the first mending being imperfect no charge should be made. Thereupon the smith brought suit before John Nixon, then a justice of the peace, and a wag withal. Jenkins, indignant, went to M. W. Hines, then a distinguished lawyer, and told him he would give him twenty dollars to defend the suit. The bargain was struck and the money paid. The case came on for trial at nine o'clock; at twelve, the lawyers were still hard at work, when the Judge raised his spectacles, interrupted the lawyers, and inquired the amount in dispute. On being informed, he took a dollar from his own pocket, and handing it to the smith, said, "Here, poor gunsmith, is your dollar, and there are no costs."

At a meeting of stockholders of the Buffalo, Corning, and New York Railroad, held at Batavia in 1855, there was in attendance a rich but miserly old farmer from Canadice named Terbush. As the ride to the place of meeting was free to the stockholders and their families, the old farmer took his gude frau along with him. Arriving at the place of meeting, the old fellow got out of the car with his wife, half famished with the long ride, and too stingy to patronize a hotel. Seeing an old acquaintance, he went up to him with, "Cale, is there a bakery around here some'ers? Mammy and I are hungry and want to get some crackers." "I don't know about the bakery," said Caleb; "but there's a crib around the corner where you can get some *corn in the ear!*"

A long-legged Yankee, on visiting a menagerie for the first time, while stalking around the pavilion, suddenly came on the elephant; whereupon he turned to the keeper with surprise: "Thunder and lightning, mister! what critter have you got there, with a tail on both ends."

IRISH PROVERBS.

By the Cove of Cork.

Men of straw don't make the best bricks.

It's a narrow bed that has no turning.

When money is sent flying out of the window it's poverty that comes in at the door.

The Pig that pleases to live must live to please.

One man may steal a hedge, whereas another daren't even as much as look at a horse.

Short rents make long friends—and it holds good equally with your landlord and your clothes.

The mug of a fool is known by there being nothing in it.

You may put the Carte before the Horse, but you can't make him eat.

Money makes the gentleman, the want of it the blackguard.

When wise men fall out then rogues come by what is not their own.

"LES BELLES LETTRES."—Valentines decidedly belong to the order of *Belles Lettres*, as they are generally the rose-tinted emanations from, or else the heart-glowing offerings to, *Belles*.—*Our own dear Jenkins.*

DRAWING-ROOM THOUGHTS.

By a Waiter who has moved in the First Circles.

A full heart is as difficult to carry as a full cup—the least thing upsets it.

Characters, like pipes, get blacker the oftener they are smoked.

The more polished a person's mind, the more susceptible it is to the warmth of friendly impressions, like a well kept mahogany table, whose bright surface is marked instantly with any dish that is placed upon it hot.

Many friends, like cards, are flung down upon the ground as soon as those who have been playing with them have got all they cared out of them.

THE VALUE OF EARLY RISING IN CONGRESS.—It is your early M. C. that catches the Speaker's eye.

INQUIRING GENTLEMAN. "Mrs. Brown, is Mr. Smith, your boarder, a man to be trusted?"

MRS. BROWN. "I don't know any body more so. I've trusted him for two years, and I expect to trust him forever. He never pays!"

John Doe boasts of his plays (unacted), Richard Roe reads them, and says to D., "You resemble Shakspeare very much!"

"You flatter me," replied the unctuous D.

"Not at all; I would scorn the act."

"Then where's the resemblance 'twixt the Bard of Avon and your humble servant?"

"Well," replies Doe, "I'll tell you. Shakspeare, in his early days, was guilty of stealing—"

"Well?" quoth Doe.

"Why, there the likeness between you ends."

YANKEE (*very keen*). "Why, Pomp, you can't tell who made the monkey?"

POMP (*keener*). "Oh yes, I can, massa. The same One made de monkey dat made *you*."

"Did the defendant approach the plaintiffs seriatim?" inquired an attorney, in a case of assault and battery, the other day.

"No, Sir-ee," was the reply; "he went at 'em with a poker."

Two young Irishmen happened to get into an affray in which one of them was knocked down. His comrade ran up to him, and cried out, "Zounds, Dennis, if ye be dead can't you spake?"

"I'm not dead, but spachless," said the other.

YOUNG HOPEFUL (*to his mother*). "Now, mother, if yer don't let me come into the dinner-party to-day, I'll go right out and catch the croup!"

MOTHER. "Catch the croup, indeed! how can you?"

BOY. "Why, lie down in the snow, just as I did last week!"

The most curious thing in the world is a woman that is not curious.

John's wife and John were *tête-à-tête;* she witty was, industrious he; says John, "I've earned the bread we've ate;" "and I," says she, "have *urned* the tea."

"This is a grate prospect," as the prisoner said, in peeping out of his cell window.

Lord Byron made a comparison of divers languages with music. "The Russian tongue," said he, "was like a kettle-drum; the German like a base-viol; French, as a wedding-hymn; the Italian like an Æolian harp; the English only being the human voice." On the contrary, H. Heine gives the following. He says: "Take a word into the mouth, turn it around therein, and spit it out; that's English."

The creator of the ideal philosophy, I. Hegel, gives the following definition of a *word* (notion) that is often tried to be explained in these papers. He says:

"*Love* is the absolute identity with the totality of that finite being—connected with cupidity and carnity of I and thou—for *I* and *thou* is *he*, and *he* is the love."

"Smoking is a disgusting ptyalism, with inevitable concomitant dirt."—DR. C—x.

Dr. C., from his sermons awaking,
  Comes "down upon" smokers and smoke,
Just (to judge from his language, jaw-breaking)
  Having dined upon Art-o'-choke.

Encyclopedias ranged at his back,
  He raves without reason or manners,
And, filibuster-like, makes an attack
  Upon the defenseless Havanas.

Truce, Doctor Chanticleer! truce to this war!
  At best, 'tis a crusade Quixotic;
Stick to your sermons—leave me my cigar;
  Thus each may enjoy his hypnotic!

NEPHELEGERETA.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, March* 15, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the last week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week of last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Mar. 13, 1858	$1,767,954	$1,074,398
Corresponding week, 1857	5,065,712	891,209
Increase		$163,189
Decrease	$3,297,752	

There is no change in the money market to report, except that exchange on England has fallen so low, that some parties anticipate a revival of the gold shipments in this direction. At least it is probable that many of those foreigners who are availing themselves of the present occasion to invest in American securities, will accompany their orders with the gold to pay for what they buy. Money is freely lent at the Banks at 6 and 7; and any quantity can be had on call at 4 and 5. It is probable that the Bank average, to be published to-morrow morning, will not vary much from that of last week—say $32,750,000. To-morrow a California arrival will be due.

The New York bids for the new Treasury loan were sent in on Saturday. It is generally supposed that the loan will be taken at 3½ @ 4. Much more than the amount required was applied for from New York.

The stock market has been dull, and prices have receded 2 @ 4 per cent. during the week. The event has been caused by the movements of speculators, who, having bought in at low prices, sold out at the close of last week, and left the weight of the market on weak shoulders.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, March* 15, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets during the past week exhibited no remarkable changes for Breadstuffs, the receipts of which were moderate. The demand for Flour and Wheat was mainly for home, and that for Corn was chiefly for export.... Cotton was more active, especially on Saturday, and it closed rather firmer.... Provisions fluctuated in demand and value. Toward the close the inquiry was fair for nearly all kinds, and prices displayed more steadiness.... A very brisk trade has been reported in Rio Coffee, which tends upward. Sugars, Molasses, and Rice have been in good request at full rates. Teas have been more freely offered, and prices have favored buyers, especially for Oolongs, of which the available supply is heavy. The demand, however, has not been as brisk.... Less activity has been discernible in Hides and Leather.... The leading kinds of Naval Stores and Oils have attracted considerable attention at improved quotations.... Wool has been in more request.

The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending *March* 3.	Week ending *March* 10.
Beeves	2,583	3,589
Milch Cows	209	211
Veal Calves	448	565
Sheep and Lambs	7,376	5,337
Swine	—	375

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

New York	863	Iowa	51
Ohio	801	Pennsylvania	50
Indiana	472	Michigan	17
Illinois	417		

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to first class Beeves, per pound	$ 7½	@	$ 11½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	7½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	3 00	@	6 50
" " per pound	8	@	11
Live Swine, per pound	4	@	5½
Dressed " "	5½	@	7½

The Country Produce Markets present no very remarkable alterations. Much of the produce recently received was injured by exposure during the unexpectedly cold weather. Supplies of desirable commodities are moderate, and prices generally favor sellers. The demand, however, is not brisk.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$3 00	@	$6 00
Apples, dried, per pound	6	@	7½
Peaches, dried, per pound	18	@	20
Plums, dried, per pound	18	@	20
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 25	@	2 50
Chestnuts, per bushel	1 50	@	2 00
Peanuts, per bushel	60	@	1 25
Cranberries, per barrel	10 00	@	12 00
Potatoes, per barrel	2 00	@	4 00
" per bushel	1 00	@	1 10
" sweet, per barrel	5 00	@	5 50
Onions, per barrel	1 50	@	3 00
Turnips, per barrel	50	@	62
Beets, per barrel	1 50	@	1 75
Cabbages, per 100	6 00	@	8 00
Parsnips, per barrel	1 25	@	1 50
Carrots, per barrel	1 50	@	1 75
Leeks, per 100 bunches	3 00	@	—
Celery, per dozen	1 25	@	1 50
Garlic, per 100	5 00	@	—
Eggs, Limed, per dozen	8	@	10
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	15	@	15½
Chickens, per pound	12	@	14
Fowls, per pound	10	@	15
Guinea Fowl, per pair	44	@	50
Ducks, per pound	17	@	21
" per pair	1 00	@	1 25
Turkeys, per pound	12	@	15
Geese, per pound	9	@	11
Pigeons, per dozen	2 50	@	3 00
Prairie Hens, per pair	75	@	88
Partridge, per pair	1 00	@	1 25
Quail, per dozen	2 50	@	3 00
Roasting Pigs	1 25	@	2 50
Rabbits, each	18	@	25
Hares, each	37	@	50
Squirrels, each	5	@	8
Venison, per pound	8	@	13

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO SOUTHERN AND WESTERN MERCHANTS.

WM. BUCHANAN MACKENZIE is now exhibiting, in his spacious Millinery Rooms, a most superb collection of choice PARIS BONNETS, among which are several of very rare design and quality. WM. B. MACKENZIE,
294 & 296 Canal Street, Brandreth Building.

LECTURES IN THE FRENCH LANGUAGE,
AT
THE SPINGLER INSTITUTE,
UNION SQUARE.

A COURSE OF FOUR LECTURES
WILL BE DELIVERED ON THURSDAY OF EACH WEEK, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK P.M., BY
PROF. ELIE CHARLIER,
Director of the French Institute for Young Gentlemen,
No. 48 East Twenty-fourth Street.

SUBJECTS:

MARCH 18TH, . . .	MAD'E DE STAEL.
" 25TH, . . .	CHATEAUBRIAND.
APRIL 1ST, ...	MAD'E EMILE DE GIRARDIN.
" 8TH, ...	BERANGER.

Course Tickets, $1 50; Single Tickets, 50 cents.

To be had at Lockwood's, 411 Broadway, and at Christern's, 763 Broadway.

THE OLD DOMINION COFFEE POT.

The lovers of good coffee would appreciate these new and popular machines after being subjected to the mere ghost of coffee, as so many families are by the use of the ordinary boiler or biggin; the secret is, these are so contrived as to retain all the aroma during the process of boiling.

PRICES

1 quart, $1 50; 1½ quart, $1 75; 2 quart, $2; 3 quart, $2 50; 4 quart, $2 75; 6 quart, $3; 10 quart, $4 50. A liberal discount to the trade.

E. P. TORREY, Manufacturers' Agent,
No. 6 Platt Street, New York.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS Purify, Cleanse, take out from the body corrupt humors, obviate a state of costiveness—so shall your cold, your influenza, your dysentery, your rheumatism, your weaknesses and debility, and the pain in your side, be the affair of a day. Disease can not remain to give you pain or occasion disturbance, but from the effect of those worn out parts of the body's substance which have continued beyond the time nature designed. The bowels, the skin, or the kidneys are at fault. Brandreth's pills will restore them to order and re-establish the body's health. Five hundred thousand persons have been restored by them from sickness to health in the last twenty years. Principal office 43 Brandreth building, Canal Street. Sold also at 296 Bowery, 241 Hudson Street, 113 Third Avenue, 175 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, and at 124 South-sixth Street, Williamsburgh. Price 25 cents a box.

POSTAGE STAMPS FOR SALE,
IN ANY QUANTITY,
AT
HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.

UP THE MEDITERRANEAN.

PLEASURE VOYAGE.
By Steamer ERICSSON.
A. B. LOWBER, Commander.

The ERICSSON will leave NEW YORK on SATURDAY, May 1st, at 2 o'clock P.M. on the above voyage, stopping a given number of days at GIBRALTAR, MALTA, ALEXANDRIA, JAFFA (for JERUSALEM), CONSTANTINOPLE, ATHENS, and NAPLES.

No Berths secured till paid for.
Full Steamer Fare for the Voyage $750.
For further particulars apply to
DUNHAM & CO.,
13 William Street, New York.

HUNT, WEBSTER & CO'S
IMPROVED TIGHT-STITCH
SEWING MACHINES.

☞ WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO EXHIBIT this newly-invented and valuable instrument, and would respectfully solicit a call from all persons in want of a Sewing Machine whose qualities have only to be tried to be duly appreciated.

We have opened commodious rooms at 469 BROADWAY, for the sale of these Machines, and all interested are respectfully invited to examine and decide upon their merits for themselves.

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